

# THE ATHENÆUM

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PRICE  
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**PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.**—UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Professor, Mr. FOWNES, F.R.S.—In consequence of the increasing importance of chemical science in its relations to agriculture, manufactures, and medicine, and with a view to a more extended course of laboratory instruction, have instituted a distinct Professorship of Practical Chemistry, and have commenced the erection of a spacious laboratory, with complete arrangements for the pursuit of all branches of chemical investigation, more especially organic research, by the senior pupils, and for the instruction in elementary analysis of those less advanced. The Laboratory will be open daily, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., from the 1st of October, or as soon after as the Laboratory shall be completed, until the end of July, with a short recess at Christmas and Easter. The pupils, exclusive of the expense of materials, &c., will be 10 guineas, exclusive of the expense of materials, &c. The Laboratory will be under the joint superintendence and direction of the Professor of Chemistry, Mr. Graham, and of Professor Fownes. It will be also, as heretofore, a Summer Course of Practical Chemistry. It will be under the direction of Professor Fownes, and consist of about 40 Lessons, commencing in the first week in May.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College. RICHARD POTTER, A.M., Dean of Faculty of Arts. C. J. B. ATKINSON, M.D., Dean of Faculty of Medicine. G. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.**—JUNIOR SCHOOL.—Under the Government of the Council of the College.

Head Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, M.A. The SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 23rd September. The session is divided in three terms, viz. from 23rd September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 4th October.

The yearly payment for each pupil is 12*l.*, of which 5*l.* are paid in advance in each term. The hours of attendance are from a quarter past 9 to three-quarters past 3. The afternoons of Wednesday and Sunday are devoted exclusively to drawing.

The subjects taught are reading, writing, the properties of the most familiar objects, natural and artificial, the English, Latin, Greek, French, and German languages, ancient and modern history, geography, both physical and political, arithmetic and bookkeeping, the elements of mathematics and of natural philosophy, and drawing.

Any pupil may omit Greek, or Greek and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of education.

There is a general examination of the pupils at the end of the session, and the prizes are then given.

The discipline of the school is maintained without corporal punishment.

A monthly report of the conduct of each pupil is sent to his parent or guardian.

Several of the masters receive boarders.

Further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College. CHAS. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine commence on the 1st October, those of the Faculty of Arts on 14th October.

August, 1845.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, 1845-46.—THE WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of OCTOBER next, at Two o'clock, P.M., with an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE by

MILLER. DESCRIPTIVE AND SURGICAL ANATOMY—Richard Partridge, F.R.S.

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**KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.**

The Hospital is visited daily at Half-past one o'clock, and Clinical Lectures are given every week by Dr. Budd and Dr. Todd, and by Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Partridge.

The Physicians' Assistant and Clinical Clerks, the House Surgeons, and Dressers, are selected by examination from the Students of the Hospital.

**RESIDENCE OF STUDENTS.**—Students may reside in the College. Other arrangements have likewise been made for accommodating students with lodgings, and some of the Professors receive pupils into their houses.

The parents or guardians of students coming to King's College are particularly requested, before placing them in lodgings, to communicate with the Dean of the Medical Department, from whom all information respecting the College may be obtained.

Dr. George Johnson, the Medical Tutor, assists junior Students, whether resident or non-resident, in the subjects of the Courses which they may be attending.

R. B. TODD, M.D., Dean of the Medical Department.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

August, 1845.

**COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY.**—THE PRACTICAL COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN CHEMICAL ANALYSIS will be OPENED to Students on MONDAY, the 1st of October next, full particulars of which may be obtained at the Office, No. 7, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, London.

By order of the Council.

JOHN GARDNER, M.D., Sec.

**BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.** ANNUAL MEETING, 1845. To be held at WINCHESTER, commencing TUESDAY, Sept. 9.

President of the Annual Meeting. The Marquis of Northampton.

The Lord Ashburton. The Dean of Winchester.

Sir William Heathcote, Bart. M.P. Viscount Palmerston.

The Right Hon. the Speaker. Sir Richard G. Simon, Bart., High Sheriff of the County of Hants.

William Sloane Stanley, Esq. The Dean of Westminster.

Rev. G. Moberly, D.C.L., Head Master of Winchester College.

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By order of the Central Committee.

ALBERT WAY, Hon. Sec.

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**INJUNCTION.**—His Honour the Vice Chancellor of England has this day granted AN INJUNCTION to restrain Frederick T. Fowler from publishing certain Articles printed from the RAILWAY CHRONICLE.

Aug. 22, 1845.

**THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 152.**—ADVERTISEMENTS for the forthcoming Number must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 14th, and Bills for insertion by the 16th instant.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1845.

## REVIEWS

*A Hand-Book for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home. Describing the Country and Cities, the Natives and their Manners, the Antiquities, Religion, Legends, Fine Arts, Literature, Sports, and Gastronomy. With Notices on Spanish History. Two Parts. Murray.*

HERE are more than a thousand pages of letterpress, small type, and double columns, containing as large a quantity of matter as half-a-dozen ordinary octavos. It cannot, therefore, be said that the limits are inadequate to the subject,—the complaint so justly made of most guide-books. There is, indeed, abundance of what every tourist ought to know, and something more. What that something is, we shall have too frequent opportunity to notice.

In his Preface, the author observes, that travelling in Spain is not dangerous. "This, the most romantic and peculiar country in Europe, may in reality be visited throughout its length and breadth with ease and safety." This peremptory mode of contradicting the testimony of all other travellers may satisfy the writer himself, who, in most things, is fond of opposing received statements; but it will hardly satisfy the reader. We hope, at least, that nobody intending to visit the Peninsula will trust to it so far as to neglect the ordinary precautions, or they may have occasion to rue the publication of a book in many other respects so useful. Indeed, in the body of the work, the author himself, in several passages, admits the danger as fully as any of his predecessors; but as these admissions may not meet the eye of every reader, while every one will see the Preface, we have thought this caution deserving of special attention.

Part I. contains one hundred and forty pages of "Preliminary Remarks," which ought to be read before the rest of the book,—before any tourist leaves England. They relate to Spanish money—passports—roads—modes of correspondence and travelling—post-office—travelling with post horses—riding post—public conveyances—El Correo; diligences—inns; the Fonda, Posada, Venta—voturier travelling—robbers, and precautions against them (directly contradictory to the very first sentence in the Preface)—travelling with muleteers—choice of companions—travelling on horseback—the Spanish horses—Spanish horse-fairs and horse-dealers—Spanish saddles—the rider's luggage and accoutrements—Spanish servants, groom, valet, cook—the olla and various other dishes—steam-boats—what to observe in Spain—Spanish language—geography of Spain—skeleton tours—shooting and fishing tours, &c.—religious festivals—tour—church and architectural terms—authorities, historical, statistic, military, &c. All these are subjects more or less important, and in all there is as much general information as is necessary for the tourist. Besides these "Preliminary Remarks," there are copious introductions to each division of the country. Thus, "Andalucia" is preceded by about sixty pages of explanatory and descriptive matter, applicable to the province in general, and necessary to be read before the traveller ventures into that wide-spread region. Subsequently, as he comes to each individual locality on the routes indicated, he will find a description applicable to each. The plan throughout is a good one, and is just as well executed. The labour must have been both extensive and protracted,—so much so that the enterprising publisher can have little prospect even of eventual remuneration.

But while thus commending the general design and execution of the work, we see with pain the prevalence of an ultra party spirit in its worst forms. Sneers at the Spanish church under every phase, and at the Roman Catholic religion in every country—a hatred of everything French, though it is well known that in almost everything liberal and enlightened they have, with all their faults (which are neither few nor small), been the teachers of the Spaniards—sarcasms against men of every country who are not of the same political, religious, and literary creed as the author—expressions of unmeasured contempt in regard to the national intellect and attainments—ebullitions of party feeling and of personal dislike in regard to Englishmen at home—and inexhaustible self-conceit, which virtually exclaims, "This is my opinion; dispute it who dare!"—these and kindred characteristics are offered in almost every page. Occasions for displaying them are not merely seized when they present themselves, but are sought for. There is everywhere present that fanatical spirit which disregards all candour, and even justice, and is blind to every statement and every fact at variance with its prejudices. There is often, also, another party characteristic,—the substitution of assertion for proof, a very easy method of deciding on a subject.

In passing these strictures, the propriety of which every reader will perceive before he has read even the "Preliminary Remarks," we are not insensible to the existence of many reprehensible things in Spanish society, and especially in the Spanish church. There is often, very often, but too much reason for ridicule and censure. But it is unjust to make educated Spaniards responsible for either the opinions or the practices of those who are not, or the church in general for the superstitions of a locality. Where the bulk of the people are uneducated, such things are matters of course. A century ago they were by no means unknown to Protestant England; and at the present day they are not wholly extinct in Wales, the Isle of Man, and other remote and secluded districts. It may be true that the attainments of the Spanish clergy are much below what they should be; but they are so in other Catholic countries, even in Germany. What were the average qualifications of the English Protestant clergy before Whitfield and Wesley gave an impulse alike to learning and religion? And whatever may have been in our own day the general deficiency of learning among the Spanish professors, we have known two or three who, in extent and solidity of erudition, would have done honour to any country. Such instances must always have been rare; and unfortunately they are still less likely to recur. What inducement is there to a life of study? The university revenues have been seized; there is little for a professor's support, beyond the precarious payments of the pupils, in any faculty; there are no rich prizes in law or divinity for eminent success; and for a century to come, the Press, even if the most favourable circumstances should surround it, cannot supply the impetus required. Such extenuating considerations do not strike the author of the 'Hand-Book.' He has no wish to look for them. Yet, if he has mixed in the society of educated Spaniards, he must have heard them stated frequently and feelingly. The most strenuous advocates for the rights of the church—the apostolic section of the prelates—have been often heard to say that their flocks believe too much—*creyen demasiado*;—and that superstition can only be rooted out by education.

To illustrate our remarks, we have only to

open the book almost anywhere. Take, for instance, the character of the Murcians:—

"In Murcia, *Murtia* the pagan goddess of apathy and ignorance rules undisturbed and undisputed. 'Dulness o'er all usurps her ancient reign.' The better classes vegetate in a monotonous unocial existence; their pursuits are the cigar and the siesta. Few men in anywise illustrious have ever been produced by this Dunciad province. The lower classes, chiefly agricultural, are alternately sluggish and laborious, retaining the *Inedia et Labor* of the old Iberian. Their physiognomy is African, and many of them have migrated latterly to Algeria. They are superstitious, litigious, and revengeful, and even remark of themselves and province that the earth and climate are good, but much that is between them is bad. *El cielo y suelo es bueno—el entre suelo malo.*"

Now every one that has travelled in the province must see that all this is exaggeration. In no part of Spain is there more unaffected good nature or more sociable intercourse. Book learning and artificial politeness the people may not have; but they have qualities of far more value to the happiness of life. They are not showy enough for our author. Again, as to the Valencians:—

"In darker shades of character the Valencians resemble both their Celtiberian and Carthaginian ancestors; they are perfidious, vindictive, sullen and mistrustful, fickle and treacherous. Theirs is a sort of *tigre singe* character, of cruelty allied with frivolity; so blithe, so smooth, so gay, yet empty of all good: nor can their pleasantry be trusted, for, like the Devil's good-humour, it depends on their being pleased; at the least rub, they pass like the laughing hyena, into a snarl and bite: nowhere is assassination more common; they smile, and murder while they smile. The *Cruz del Campo* is indeed a field of crosses, records of the coward stab, and the province has been called *Un paraíso habitado por demonios.*"

The Catalonians do not escape, because they have dared to stand up for their liberties even against kings. The Gallicians are beasts, and nothing else. But the poor Arragoneses! there is no trem of reproach bad enough for them:—

"Arragon, a disagreeable province, is inhabited by a disagreeable people, who are as hard headed, hearted, and bowled as the rocks of the Pyrenees, while for stubborn granite prejudices there is no place like Zaragoza. *Obstinacy*, indeed, is the characteristic or the *testarudo* Arragoneses, who are said to drive nails into walls with their heads, into which when anything is driven nothing can get it out. They have, however, a certain serious Spartan simplicity, and are fine vigorous, active men, warlike, courageous, and enduring to the last. They fire up at the least contradiction, which, as Mariana says (xxv. 8), lights up their *increíble coraje y furor encendido*. The Arragoneses, like the Catalonians (see p. 465), have the antipathies of position and the bickerings after former independence; they detest the Castilians and abhor the French, using them both for their own objects and then abusing them. This love of self and hatred of the foreigner dates earlier than their *Fueros do Sobrarbe*, in which it was proved that the foreigners' aid should be accepted, but never be rewarded by any share in the conquests, *Peregrinus autem homo nihil capito*; not that that *Espanolismo* is a singular trait of character in any portion of the Peninsula."

Espartero, the greatest and most enlightened patriot of modern Spain, is of course the object of abuse. But, on the other hand, there is a great deal to be said in favour of Don Carlos, who is elaborately vindicated in several passages, and especially in regard to the Durango decree. Don Carlos, too, of course, is the lawful heir to the Spanish throne, the present Queen having no right to it save what she derives from the will of her father, Ferdinand: "he revoked the decree by which he had abolished the Salic law, and declared his daughter Isabel to be heiress to the crown, an act which cursed his ever ill-fated country with civil wars and a disputed succession." What accuracy in statement, and what profundity of knowledge in Spanish law!

But the author's small acquaintance with Spanish history is displayed on many other occasions. The Basques are called "the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain," though there never flowed a drop of Gothic blood in their veins. He does, to be sure, find out that "they have a language of their own;" but then he tells us "it is not worth the trouble of learning." He has heard, too, that there is some difficulty in the task; for the devil studied it seven years in the Bilboes, and yet could only learn three words of it. Equally profound is our author as to some names in Spanish literature. Thus, at the Cathedral of Avila, he writes thus of Tostado:—

"Observe particularly the tomb of the learned *Alfonso Tostado de Madrigal*, bishop of Avila in 1449, and hence called *El Abulense*. Clad in pontificalibus, he is in the act of writing, which was the joy and business of his life: obiit 1455, aged 55. He was the Solomon of his age, and wrote de rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis, or, as his epitaph has it, 'Hic stupor est mundi, qui scibile discutit amne.' The inscription, among other necrological information, states that he lived and died a virgin, and 'wrote for certain three sheets per day, every day of his life, and that his enlightened doctrines caused the blind to see.' Ponz (*Viaje*, xii. 306) calculates that his pen covered 60,225 pages with '*Sana catolica y verdadera doctrina*.' Tostado, this *burro cargado de letras*, was in fact a heavy pedantic polemical commentator, who 'never reconciled divinity with wit.' His books, quantity versus quality, undeniable, unmitigated prose, and dissertations on broomsticks, are now fortunately food, or rather poison for worms."

Thus is treated one of the most subtle and comprehensive intellects of the Middle Ages. Whether that intellect, aided as it was by a vast erudition, was employed on the best subjects, has nothing to do with the question: right or wrong, it was employed according to the manner of the age. On the same page we have a characteristic blow at the Roman Catholic Church, through "Santa Teresa," whose revelations are so well known. Nothing, indeed, can be more ridiculous or more childish than these revelations, which were generally treated as such at the time they appeared, and have been so ever since. She was held to be simply mad—"possessed by the devil," as many of her friends would have it, and her confessor among the rest. The truth is, she became the tool of the Jesuits, who were determined to make the silly, cracked woman into a saint. One more instance of our author's profound knowledge of theology:—

"The doctrine of transubstantiation was first invented in 831 by a French monk, one Pascasius Radbertus, but it soon died away, until the eleventh century, when it was revived, and finally established in 1215 at the fourth Lateran council, from which all Protestants, and with perfect reason, dissent."

With dogmas, as such, we have nothing to do; but with the history of them we may sometimes amuse ourselves. That transubstantiation was taught by Cyril of Alexandria, five hundred years before the time of Paschasius, is certain if there be any meaning in language (Catech. 22) and is fully admitted by many Protestant writers; among others, Pfaffius and Grabe (Not. in Ign.) Of course such authorities and such admissions do not make the doctrine true. The subject, indeed, would not be worth noticing, were not our author's dogmatical spirit so characteristic as to require occasional reproof. The violent party spirit of these volumes is the great defect. When neither his prejudices nor his personal feelings are concerned, our author can be satisfactory enough. And he is often remarkably pleasant, as when he speaks of pilgrimages:—

"In Spain, as in the East, the duty of performing certain pilgrimages was formerly one of the absolute precepts of faith. Spain abounds in sacred spots and 'high places.' *Montserrat* was their Ararat,

*Zaragoza* and *Santiago* their Medina and Mecca. These were the grand sites to which it once was necessary to 'go up.' See particularly our remarks at each of them; in process of time the monks provided also for every village some consecrated spot, which offered a substitute for these distant and expensive expeditions; they will perish with the dissolution of monasteries, which derived the greatest benefit from their observance. Few pilgrims ever visited the sacred spot without contributing their mite towards the keeping up the chapel, and the support of the holy man or brotherhood to whose especial care it was consigned. 'No penny no paternoster'; and masses must be paid for, as diamonds, pearls, and other matters, and the greatest sinners are the best customers. Although lighter in purse, the pilgrim on his return took rank in his village, and, as in the East, was honoured as a *Hadji*; the Spanish term is *Romero*, which some have derived from Roma, one who had been to Rome, a roamer; others from the branch of rosemary, *Romero*, which they wore in their caps, which is a Scandinavian charm against witches; and this elfin plant, called by the Northmen *Ellegrem*, is still termed *alegrim* in Portugal. Thus our pilgrims were called *Palmeros*, from bearing the palm-branch, and *Saunterers*, because returning from the Holy Land, *La Sainte Terre*. These *Romerias* and *Ferias*, the fairs, offer the only amusement and relaxation to their hard and continued life of labour: *Feria*, as the word implies, is both a *holy day* and a fair. It was everywhere found convenient to unite a little business with devotion; while purer motives attracted from afar the religiously disposed, the sacred love of gold induced those who had wares to sell, to serve God and Mammon, by tempting the assembled pilgrims and peasants to carry back with them to their homes something more substantial than the abstract satisfaction of having performed this sort of conscientious duty. In every part of Spain, on the recurrence of certain days devoted to these excursions, men, women, and children desert their homes and occupations, their ploughs and spindles. The cell, hermitage, or whatever be the place of worship, is visited, and the day and night given up to song and dance, to drinking and wassail, with which, as with our skittles, these pilgrimages have much sympathy and association; indeed, if observance of rites formed any test, these festivals would appear especially devoted to Bacchus and Venus; the ulterior results are brought to light some nine months afterwards: hence the proverb considers a pilgrimage to be quite as attractive to all weak women as a marriage, a *Romerias y bodas, van las locas todas*. The attendance of female devotees at these alfresco expeditions, whetherto *Misas de Madrugada*, masses of peep of day, or to *Virgines del Rocío*, Dew-Virgins, of course attracts all the young men, who come in saints' clothing to make love. Both sexes remain for days and nights together in woods and thickets, not *sub Jove frigido*, but amid the bursting, life-pregnant vegetation of the South. Accordingly, many a fair pilgrim *sale Romera y vuelve Ramera*; the deplorable consequences have passed into national truisms, *detrás de la cruz, está el diablo*. Those who chiefly follow these love-meetings are, unfortunately, those whose enthusiasm is the most inflammable. In vain do they bear the cross on their bosoms, which cannot scare Satan from their hearts. *La cruz en los pechos, el diablo en los hechos*. This is the old story: 'After the feast of Bel the people rose up to play.'"

On one or two occasions, too, he can be more than pleasant—he can be eloquent—though somewhat in King Cambyse's vein. Thus, in describing the objects of attraction to a tourist in Spain:—

"Those who aspire to the romantic, the poetical, the sentimental, the artistical, the antiquarian, the classical, in short, to any of the sublime and beautiful lines, will find both in the past and present state of Spain subjects enough, in wandering with lead pencil and note-book through this singular country, which hovers between Europe and Africa, between civilization and barbarism; this is the land of the green valley and barren mountain, of the boundless plain and the broken sierra, now of Elysian gardens of the vine, the olive, the orange, and the aloe, then of trackless, vast, silent, uncultivated wastes, the heritage of the wild bee. Here we fly from the dull uniformity, the polished monotony of Europe, to the

racy freshness of an original, unchanged country, where antiquity treads on the heels of to-day, where Paganism disputes the very altar with Christianity, where indulgence and luxury contend with privation and poverty, where a want of all that is generous or merciful is blended with the most devoted heroic virtues, where the most cold-blooded cruelty is linked with the fiery passions of Africa, where ignorance and erudition stand in violent and striking contrast. Here let the antiquarian pore over the stirring memorials of many thousand years, the vestiges of Phœnician enterprise, of Roman magnificence, of Moorish elegance, in that storehouse of ancient customs, that repository of all elsewhere long forgotten and passed by; here let him gaze upon those classical monuments, unequalled almost in Greece or Italy, and on those fairy Aladdin palaces, the creatures of Oriental gorgeousness and imagination, with which Spain alone can enchant the dull European; here let the man of feeling dwell on the poetry of her envy-dissolving decay, fallen from her high estate, the dignity of a dethroned monarch, borne with unrepining self-respect, the last consolation of the innately noble, which no adversity can take away; here let the lover of art feed his eyes with the mighty masterpieces of Italian art, when Raphael and Titian strove to decorate the palaces of Charles, the great emperor of the age of Leo X., or with the living nature of Velasquez and Murillo, whose paintings are truly to be seen in Spain alone; here let the artist sketch the lowly mosque of the Moor, the lofty cathedral of the Christian, in which God is worshipped in a manner as nearly befitting his glory as the power and wealth of finite man can reach; art and nature here offer subjects, from the feudal castle, the vast Escorial, the rock-built alcazar of imperial Toledo, the sunny towers of stately Seville, to the eternal snows and lovely vega of Granada; let the geologist clamber over mountains of marble, and metal-pregnant sierras; let the botanist cull from the wild hothouse of Nature plants unknown, unnumbered, matchless in colour, and breathing the aroma of the sweet South; let all, learned or unlearned, listen to the song, the guitar, the castanet; let all mingle with the gay, good-humoured, temperate peasantry, the finest in the world, free, manly, and independent, yet courteous and respectful; let all live with the noble, dignified, high-bred, self-respecting Spaniard; let all share in their easy, courteous society; let all admire their dark-eyed women, so frank and natural, to whom the voices of all ages and nations has conceded the palm of attraction, to whom Venus has conceded her magic girdle of grace and fascination."

But passages like these are perpetually spoiled by political tirades, bitter sneers, and personal animosity. It is so especially whenever the French are referred to: the very name brings out all the bile of his party and nature, not one single good quality will he allow them, not a single good act will he admit them to have done. But in regard to "The Duke," nothing short of idolatry will do. He is the personification of wisdom, greatness and goodness;—altogether above the failings of humanity. Much of Part II. is taken up with the worship of the one party and the vilifying of the other,—all which we humbly conceive, might have been omitted without injury to the main subject, and assuredly with advantage to the book, which is too bulky by half: although it would, we confess, have lost something of its piquancy.

It is, however, evident that the defects we have indicated do not affect the main feature of this 'Hand-Book'—its value as a guide to the tourist—its value as a work of reference for home dwellers. That value is very great: it renders the book absolutely indispensable.

*Priests, Women, and Families.* By J. Michelet. Translated by C. Cocks. Longman & Co.

This book has created an extraordinary sensation in France, and its author seems to think its appearance well-timed to gain the attention of an English public, already excited by similar topics, as he writes—"Cette traduction ne serait pas sans intérêt à Londres, au moment où le

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jeunisme travaille si follement l'Angleterre." Those who have made themselves acquainted with the genius of M. Michelet, and his style, in which the characteristics of the historian and the poet are, often, illegitimately blended, will easily guess what are the leading features of the present work.

Before we give any specimens of its contents, we must make a remark on the literal closeness of the translation. This, we think, approaches rather too nearly Mr. Carlyle's method of transference. As we have said on other occasions, at a time when translations from the French and the German are so common, while we freely commune with the thoughts of foreign writers, we should carefully preserve our own style, and draw our expressions, even of foreign ideas, as far as possible, from the "well of English undefiled." M. Michelet's style often falls into the rhapsodical and exclamatory which some may think strong; but a writer who has not patience to detail facts calmly, and trace inductions carefully, frequently fills his pages with notes of interjection, as thickly sprinkled in some French books as upon our puffing placards. Besides, on all topics akin to those of the present work, sobriety of style is especially desirable: no man who believes that he is right can wish to screen himself, or his system, from the scrutiny of a fair and sincere dialectic; but the style of declamation, full of sweeping charges and far-going insinuations, can only serve to inflame feelings, hinder fair discussion, and set parties farther asunder.

Having thus expressed our scruples regarding both the original work and this translation, we shall lay aside criticism, and allow the book to speak for itself in extracts which will convey a fair impression of its purport. The complaint of M. Michelet is, that education in France, and especially that of young women, is too much under the control of the priesthood, and too little in the hands of the mother, too much ecclesiastical and too little domestic. Whatever may be the judgment on M. Michelet's opinions, his topic is an important one, if the statistic report of M. Louandre be true, that "622,000 girls are brought up by nuns under the direction of the clergy." (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1844.) But this is not the only topic of the writer: he speaks of the condition of women, generally, in France, and especially in Paris, and endeavours to arouse his fellow-countrymen to consider its miseries. As an instance of his suggestions we quote the following:—

"Men receive about as much as women from public charity: this is unjust. They have infinitely more resources. They are stronger, have a greater variety of work, more initiative, a more active impulse, more locomotion, if I may so express myself, to go and hunt out work. They travel, emigrate, and find engagements. Not to mention countries where manual labour is very dear, I know of provinces in France, where it is very difficult to find either journeymen or man-servants. Man can wander to and fro. Woman remains at home and dies. Let this workwoman, whom the opposition of the convent has crushed, crawl to the gate of the convent—can she find an asylum there? She would want, in default of dowry, the active protection of an influential priest, a protection reserved for devout persons, such as have had the time to follow the '*Mois de Marie*,' the Catechisms of perseverance, &c. &c., and who have been, for a long time past, under ecclesiastical authority. This protection is often very dearly purchased; and for what? to get permission to pass one's life shut up within walls, to be obliged to counterfeits a devotion one has not! Death cannot be worse. They die then, quietly, decently, and alone. They will never be seen coming down from their garrets into the street to walk about, with the motto, '*To live working, or die fighting*.' They will make no disturbances; we have nothing to fear from them. It is for this very reason that we are the more bound to

assist them. Shall we then feel our hearts affected only for those of whom we are afraid? Men of money, if I must speak to you in your own money language, I will tell you, that as soon as we shall have an economical government, it will not hesitate to lay out its money for women, to help them to maintain themselves by their industry."

M. Michelet compares modern monasticism with that of the middle ages, and argues that where an institution is not genially developed with a regard to its first true object, and also to the changes of the times, it must necessarily lose its true spirit, and sink into an irksome formality:—

"Monastic life was quite a different thing in the middle ages: it was much more serious. There were then in the convents both more training for death, and a more active life. The system was, generally speaking, based upon two principles, which were sincerely and strictly adhered to: the destruction of the body, and the vivification of the soul. To war against the body they employed an exterminating fasting, excessive vigils, and frequent bleeding. For the development of the soul, the monks and nuns were made to read, transcribe, and sing. Up to the eleventh century they understood what they sang, as there was but little difference between Latin and the vulgar tongues of that period. The service had then a dramatic character, which sustained and constantly captivated the attention; many things that have been reduced to simple words, were then expressed in gestures and pantomimes; what is now spoken was then acted. When they inflicted upon worship that serious, sober, and wearisome character that it still wears, the nuns were still allowed, as an indemnification, pious reading, legends, the lives of saints, and other books that had been translated; for instance, the admirable French version of the '*Imitation*.' All these consolations were taken from them in the sixteenth century; the discovery was made, that it was dangerous to give them too great a taste for reading. In the seventeenth, even singing appeared to be an object of suspicion to many confessors; they were afraid the nuns might grow tender in singing the praises of God. But what did they give them as a substitute? What did they get in return for all those services which they no longer understood, for their reading and singing that were now denied them, and for so many other comforts, of which they were successively deprived?"

We shall not follow the author through his details concerning monastic education, or "direction," as it was called, in the seventeenth century; nor shall we analyze his criticisms upon St. François de Sales, Madame Guyon, Fenelon, and Bossuet. We may notice, however, his general censure of the seventeenth century. According to his judgment, many have loudly decried the eighteenth century who have not had reading and reflection enough to find in it the legitimate fruit of the seventeenth, which is thus severely characterized:—

"I cannot help pausing a moment to admire how Equivocation triumphed throughout this age. On whatever side I turn my eyes, I find it every where, both in things and persons. It sits upon the throne in the person of Madame de Maintenon. Is this person a queen who is seated by the king's side, and before whom princesses are standing—or is she not? The equivocal is also near the throne in the person of the humble Père La Chaise, the real king of the clergy of France, who from a garret at Versailles distributes the benefices. And do our loyal Gallicans and the scrupulous Jansenists abstain from the equivocal? Obedient, yet rebellious, preparing war though kneeling, they kiss the foot of the pope, but would like to tie his hands; they spoil the best reasons by their *distinguo* and evasions. Indeed when I put in opposition to the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries this Janus of the seventeenth, the two others appear to me as honest centuries, or at the very least, sincere in good and in evil. But what falsehood and ugliness is concealed under the majestic harmony of the seventeenth! Everything is softened and shaded in the form, but the bottom is often the worse for it. Instead of the local inquisitions, you have the police of the Jesuits, armed with the king's authority. In place

of a Saint Bartholomew, you have the monitor of a religious revolution, called the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, that cruel comedy of forced conversion; then, the unheard-of tragedy, of a proscription organised by all the bureaucratic and military means of a modern government!—Bossuet sings the triumph; and deceit, lying, and misery reign everywhere! Deceit in politics: local life destroyed without creating any central life. Deceit in morals: this polished court, this world of polite people receives an unexpected lesson from the *chamber of poisons*: the king suppresses the trial, fearing to find every one guilty!—And can devotion be real with such morals?—If you reproach the sixteenth century with its violent fanaticism, if the eighteenth appear to you cynical and devoid of human respect, confess at least also that lying, deceit, and hypocrisy are the predominant features of the seventeenth. That great historian Molière has painted the portrait of this century, and found its name—Tartuffe."

There is one general principle upon which M. Michelet argues, with which we must concur, and we notice it because it is applicable to many cases among ourselves at home as well as to continental convents. The author argues that every institution for education, in order to be influential and wholesome, must treat its pupils not as passive, but as active beings, and must provide good occupation for their best faculties. He then observes, that where this is not done, there is left a vacancy which will soon be filled with evils. For proof of this principle, we need not go abroad: we have only to look at neighbourhoods in our own country, perhaps apparently orderly, but where we find unfavourable, negative symptoms: no choral society cheers the town; no reading-room collects the young men; the stationer is going away in despair; there is not a neat garden, nor even a pretty geranium in a window. These seem trivial signs to some, perhaps: for us they almost supply the place of positive statistics of vice.

It has been objected that M. Michelet has drawn his instances from the seventeenth century, and from a class of ecclesiastics of whom no living types exist. In reply to this, he proceeds to assert of modern clerical education, as he has done with regard to conventual routine, its unfitness for the times in which we live. Speaking of a former day, he says:—

"The priest believed himself to be, in this sense, the man of the spirit, and he really was so, by the superiority of culture. He knew everything, the layman nothing. Even when the priest was young, he was truly the father, the other the child. In our days it is just the contrary; the layman, in cities at least, is generally more learned than the priest; even the peasant, if he be a father of a family, with business and interests, or has served in the army, has more experience than his *curé*, and more real knowledge; his speaking ungrammatically is of no consequence. But the contrast is still more striking, when this inexperienced priest, who has known nothing but his own seminary, sees at his knees a fashionable, intriguing, impassioned woman, who now, perhaps, at the close of her seventh lustrum, has passed through everything sentimental and ideal. What! she ask his advice? she call him father? Why, every word she utters is a revelation for him—astonishment and fear take possession of his soul. If he is not wise enough to hold his tongue, he will be ridiculous. His penitent, who came to him all trembling, will depart laughing. \* \* \* If the priest has not enough imagination and wit to put the questions from the store of his own mind, he has had in his hands for the last two centuries, ready-made questions, which he may ask in due order, and by which he will force his fair penitent to dive into her own thoughts, sift her own secrets to deliver them over to him, open her heart's fibres, as one may say, thread by thread, and wind off before him the complete skein, which he henceforth holds in his hands. \* \* \* We know not how to qualify this culpable routine. These books, composed for a barbarous age, unparalleled in crimes, are the same that you give to your pupils in our own civilized age. And this young priest, who, according to your insti-

tions, believes that the world is still that dreadful world, who enters the confessional with all this villainous science, and his imagination full of monstrous cases, you, imprudent men! (what shall I call you?) you confront him with a child who has never left her mother's side, who knows nothing, has nothing to say, and whose greatest crime is that she has not learned her catechism properly, or has hurt a butterfly! I shudder at the interrogatory to which he will subject her, and at what he will teach her in his conscientious brutality. But he questions her in vain. She knows nothing, and says nothing. He scolds her, and she weeps. Her tears will be soon dried, but it will be long before she ceases to reflect."

Sidney Smith has given us his ideal portrait of a bishop—M. Michelet thus presents to us his ideal of a priest:—

"The priest, in the highest acceptance of the term, ought to be an old man, as he was at first, or at least a man of a mature age, who, having passed through the cares of this world, and being well acquainted with family life, has been taught by his experience to understand the sense of the Great Family of the Universe. Seated among the old men, like the elders of Israel, he would communicate to the young the treasures of his experience; he would be the man for all parties; the man who belongs to the poor, the conciliating umpire to prevent law-suits, and the physician of health to prevent diseases. To be all that, something more is required than an excitable, hot-headed young man. It ought to be a man who has seen, learned, and suffered much, and who has at last found in his own heart the kind words, which may comfort us on our way to the world to come."

In the following passage, M. Michelet maintains the paradox, that the "man of the world," as he calls the striving man in business, art, or literature, undergoes more real penance than the secluded cenobite. There is, at least, some truth in this assertion when applied to such as poor Goldsmith, producing his *beau-ideal* of the Christian priest, and dreaming of turning all prisons into chapels and school-rooms, while at his wits' end how to raise the rent of his miserable garret; or, when applied to the life of the artist, striving at once for the beautiful and for—bread:—

"In the middle ages the priest was the spiritual and mortified man. By the studies to which he alone devoted himself, by nocturnal prayers and vigils, by the excess of fasting, and by monastic privations, he mortified his body. But in these days very little remains of all that; the Church has softened down everything. The priests live as others do: if many pass a mean and pitiful life, it is, at least, generally unattended with risk. We see it, moreover, in the freedom of mind with which they engage the leisure of women with interminable conversations. Who is the mortified man in the present day, in this time of hard work, eager efforts, and fiery opposition? It is the layman, the worldly man. This man of the world, full of cares, works all day and all night, either for his family, or for the state. Being often engaged in details of business or studies, too thorny to interest his wife and children, he cannot communicate to them what fills his own mind. Even at the hour of rest, he speaks little, being always pursuing his idea. Success in business and invention in science, are only obtained at a high price—the price that Newton mentions, *by ever thinking of it*. Solitary among his fellows, he runs the risk, in making their glory, or their fortune, to become a stranger to them. The Churchman, on the contrary, who, in these days, to judge of him by what he publishes, studies little, and invents nothing, and who no longer wages against himself that war of mortifications imposed by the middle ages, can, coolly and quietly, pursue two very different occupations at the same time. By his assiduity and fawning words, he gains over the family of the man of business, at the very moment that he hurls down upon him from the pulpit the thunders of his eloquence."

There is too much *vraisemblance* in the following explanation of some features of Parisian (and we fear of fashionable London) life:—

"We cannot repeat it too often, for nothing is more true—woman is alone. She is alone, if she

has a husband, she is also alone, even with a son. Once at college, she sees him only by favour, and often at long intervals. When he leaves college, other prisons await the youth, and other exiles. A brilliant evening party is given:—enter those well-lighted rooms, you see the women sitting in long rows, well dressed, and entirely alone. Go, about four o'clock, to the Champs-Élysées, and there you will see again the same women, sad and spiritless, on their way to the Bois de Boulogne, each in her own carriage, and alone. Others, at the further end, are from their shops; but they are also alone. There is nothing in the life of women, who have the misfortune to have nothing to do, that may not be explained by one single word—loneliness, *ennui*. *Ennui*, which is supposed to be a languishing and negative disposition of the mind, is, for a nervous woman, a positive evil impossible to support. It grasps its prey, and gnaws it to the core: whoever suspends the torment of a moment is considered a saviour. *Ennui* makes them receive female friends, whom they know to be inquisitive, envious, slandering enemies. *Ennui* makes them endure novels in newspapers, which are suddenly cut short, at the moment of the greatest interest. *Ennui* carries them to concerts, where they find a mixture of every kind of music, and where the diversity of styles is a fatigue for the ear. *Ennui* drags them to a sermon, which thousands listen to, but which not one of them could bear to read. Nay, even the sickening half-worldly and half-devout productions, with which the neo-catholics inundate the Faubourg Saint Germain, will find readers among these poor women, the martyrs of *ennui*. Such delicate and sickly forms can support a nauseous dose of musk and incense, which would turn the stomach of any one in health."

But we have allowed M. Michelet to say enough on the evil. We must now attend to the remedy which he suggests, and, if we understand well the purport of his book, this is very simple in theory, though it may not prove easy in practice. It is to be found, says the author, in the elevation of woman to her proper rank as the companion of her husband and the teacher of her children. We must be permitted to take the assertion with which the following passage opens *cum grano salis*:—

"Frenchwomen are superior to those of England or Germany, and, indeed, to any other women, in being able not only to assist man, but to become his companion, his friend, his partner, his *alter ego*. None but the commercial classes, generally speaking, are wise enough to profit by this. See, in the shopkeeper's quarters, in the dark storehouses of the *Rue des Lombards*, or the *Rue de la Verrerie*, the young wife, often born of rich parents, who nevertheless remains there, in that little glazed counting-house, keeping the books, registering whatever is brought in or taken out, and directing the clerks and porters. With such a partner, the house will prosper. The household is improved by it. The husband and wife separated by their occupations during the day, are the better pleased to unite together in common thought. Without being able to participate so directly in the husband's activity, the wife might also, in other professions, be able to associate with him in his business, or at least in his ideas. What makes this difficult (I have not attempted to disguise it), is the spirit of speciality which goes on increasing in our different professions, as well as in our sciences, and driving us into minute details; whereas woman, being less persevering, and, moreover, less called upon to apply herself with precision, is confined to a knowledge of generalities. The man who will seriously initiate a woman in his own life, can do it safely and completely, if she love him, but he would require to possess both patience and kindness. They have come together, as it were, from the two opposite poles, and prepared by a totally different education. Since it is so, how can you expect that your young wife, intelligent as she is, should understand you at once? If she do not understand you, it is too frequently your own fault: this almost always proceeds from the abstract, dry, and scholastic forms which you have imbibed from your education. She remaining in the sphere of common sense and sentiment, understands nothing of your formulas, and seldom, very seldom indeed, do you know how to translate

them into plain language. This requires address, will, and feeling. You would want, sir, let me tell you, both more sense, and more love. At the first word she does not understand, the husband loses his patience. 'She is incapable, she is too frivolous.' He leaves her, and all is over. But that day he loses much. If he had persevered, he would gradually have led her along with him; she would have lived his life, and their marriage would have been real. Ah! what a companion he has lost! how sure a confidant! and how zealous an ally! In this person, who, when left to herself, seems to him too trifling, he would have found in moments of difficulty a ray of inspiration and often useful advice."

The following remarks on the power of early education are not too strongly expressed:—

"Education! a mere trifle, a weak power, no doubt, which the father may, without danger, allow his enemies to take possession of! To possess the mind, with all the advantage of the first possession! To write in this book of blank paper whatever they will! and to write what will last for ever! And, remember well, it will be in vain for you to write upon it hereafter; what has once been indited cannot be erased. It is the mystery of her young memory to be as weak in receiving impressions, as it is strong in keeping them. The early tracing that seemed to be effaced at twenty re-appears at forty or sixty. It is the last and the clearest, perhaps, that old age will retain. What! will not reading, and the press, the great overruling power of our own days, give a stronger education than the former one? Do not rely on this. The influence of the press partly annuls itself; it has a thousand voices to speak, and a thousand others to answer and destroy what it has said. Education does not make so much noise; it does not talk; it reigns. Look, in that little class, without witness, control, or contradiction, a man is speaking; he is master, an absolute master, invested with the most ample power to punish and chastise. His voice, not his hand, has the power of a rod; the little, trembling, and believing creature, who has just left her mother's apron, receives his weighty words, which enter the soft tablet of her memory, and stick into it, like so many nails of iron."

M. Michelet pleads for a prolonged maternal superintendence over the boy as well as the girl, and complains, as Herder and other Germans have done, of the scholastic system which depresses original genius under a burden of lore, and gives to the world only polyglottic and polytechnic machines:—

"When we reflect that ordinary life is so short, and that so many die very young, we hesitate to abridge this first, this best period of life, when the child, free under its mother's protection, lives in Grace, and not in the Law. But if it be true, as I think, that this time, which people believe lost, is precisely the only precious and irreparable period, in which among childish games sacred genius tries its first flight, the season when, becoming fledged, the young eagle tries to fly—ah! pray do not shorten it. Do not banish the youth from the maternal paradise, before his time; give him one day more; to-morrow, all well and good; God knows it will be soon enough! To-morrow, he will bend to his work and crawl along the furrow. But to-day, leave him there, let him gain full strength and life, and breathe with an open heart the vital air of liberty. An education which is too zealous and restless, and which exacts too much, is dangerous for children. We are ever increasing the mass of study and science, and such exterior acquisitions; but the interior suffers for this. This is nothing but Latin, the next shines in Mathematics; but where is the *man*, I pray you? And yet it was the *man*, precisely, that was loved and taken care of by the mother. It was man she respected in the wanderings of the Child. She seemed to depress her own influence, and even her superintendence, in order that he might act and be both free and strong; but, at the same time, she ever surrounded him as if with an invisible embrace."

*The Catalogue of Stars of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.* 4to. THE British Association has lately been before the public eye as a passive recipient of the blows

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which have been laid on by the theologians who would rather interpret the cosmogony of Genesis for themselves than allow the works of God to do it for them. In the meantime, it has been pursuing its useful labours in various directions, and the result of one of them is now before us.

When the Astronomical Society, in 1827, published its catalogue of 2,881 principal fixed stars, there was no extensive work of the sort, giving uniform means of reduction throughout the whole heavens. Our readers are for the most part aware that the fixed stars, so called, have apparent slow motions, both of the permanent and of the periodic kind. Astronomers, at the time we mention, were obliged to take the mean places of the stars from various sources, and to reduce them to their true places, that is, to make allowance for their several motions, each after his own fashion. In the Catalogue of the above-named Society, all such materials for reduction as depend entirely on the place of the star, and change only very slowly, were added to the star's places for the first time. Those elements which depend on the time of the year, and properly belong to the Almanac, were published separately, and were finally incorporated in the Nautical Almanac, of which work they now form a constituent part. Of this improvement Sir John Herschel states that it may be said to have changed the face of sidereal astronomy: its suggestion and superintendence were the doing of the late Francis Baily.

In 1837, the British Association undertook the publication of an enlargement of the Astronomical Society's Catalogue. Mr. Baily was applied to for his superintendence, which he gave, and the work, as it now appears, is substantially his. He left the preface written, the whole of the stars computed under his directions, and ready for the printer—everything, in fact, except the additional remarks to about 650 of the stars, which were easily supplied from his materials. The preface is dated April 30, 1844, a very short time before the commencement of the illness which deprived this country of an astronomer to whom the epithet *useful* is due in a peculiar and emphatic sense. The completion of the work was entrusted to Dr. Robinson, Prof. Challis, and Lieut. Stratford.

The work before us contains 8,377 stars: to each is attached its right ascension and north polar distance, their annual precessions, the secular variations of the last, the proper motions, the logarithms wanted in the reductions, and references to the places in which the stars are to be found in other catalogues. Forty-five stars occupy an opening of the book, on two opposite pages. There are greater details on some stars very near the poles, and notes. The stars chosen are all Bradley's, all in Lacaille's *Cælum Australe*, all about the identity of which there is no doubt nor difficulty in Hevelius, Flamsteed, Mayer, Pond, Argelander, Rumker, and Johnson, and all up to the sixth magnitude, or within ten degrees of the ecliptic up to the seventh magnitude, in Piazzzi, Zach, Wollaston, Groombridge, Brisbane, Airy, Taylor, or the extended catalogue of Lacaille now in preparation. To these are added all recorded stars not included in the above, of whatever magnitude, that present any peculiar circumstances of position, discordance, variation of magnitude, proper motion, or other remarkable quality; or that may be suspected to come under any such description.

This is a remarkable work; and the preface is worthy of it. There is no national feeling about star catalogues: but of sixteen observers who have contributed the materials, nine are British, and one more did his work in a British observatory. We should not have referred to this, had it not been for the memory of an old disgrace, namely, allowing a foreigner to be the

first who reduced Bradley's observations into a usable form. As it is, the observatories, public and private, and the scientific associations, have put our country upon an astronomical footing which must command respect. And it would be unjust to omit the fact, that governments of every shade of politics, for the last twenty years, and also the directors of the East India Company, have effectually co-operated in producing this result.

*Transactions of the American Ethnological Society.* Vol. I. New York, Bartlett & Welford; London, Wiley & Putnam.

A Society, with the above name, has been recently established at New York, for the purpose of inquiring "into the origin, progress, and characteristics of the various races of men,"—not on the American continent only, but throughout the world. The design is a noble one; and it has given birth to the respectable volume before us. The papers are only five in number, though the volume contains nearly 500 pages. This we like: brief disquisitions, where there is no room for the requisite illustrations, are good for little. The first and most important is from the pen of Albert Gallatin,—"Notes on the Semi-Civilized Nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America." It extends to full 350 pages, and is enriched by useful plates and tables. It must be of considerable value to the future historian. 'An Account of Ancient Remains in Tennessee,' and 'Observations respecting the Grave Creek Mound in Western Virginia,' go far to confirm the opinion which every late discovery has tended to strengthen, that the continent of North America must once have been inhabited by a race far higher in civilization than the present red man. But until the American languages have been explained by grammars and vocabularies, we must remain in the dark as to the affinity of the various tribes with one another, and still more with the people of the old world. If something has recently been done, so much remains, that ages must elapse before these problems can be solved. It is worthy of remark, that some of the characters in the Grave Creek Mound inscription resemble the Runic, some the Phœnician, and others the old British. The fourth article, 'On the Discoveries of Hymyaritic Inscriptions in Southern Arabia,' contains indeed nothing novel; but it is useful as presenting the reader, in a condensed form, the substance of what has been hitherto discovered on the subject. The fifth article—"Account of the Punico-Libyan Monument at Dugga," is of considerable interest, though tantalizing enough from our ignorance of the ancient language of the Carthaginians. But the chief merit and interest of this volume must be based on its native character. It is well observed in the preface:—

"To its native and resident members, the American Ethnological Society feels it has but to indicate the field presented for their exertions, and the immense extent and variety of subjects that call for their investigation. The mystery that still envelopes the history and origin of the American races of man—the phenomena connected therewith—the diversity of languages—the remains of ancient art and traces of ancient civilization among the aborigines of Peru, Mexico, and Central America—the spontaneous growth or imported origin of arts, science, and mythology—the earth-works of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and their founders—these are amongst the topics for inquiry which the most cursory view suggests; and there are few individuals in our western country who may not obtain interesting materials for their elucidation."

We hope the Society will confine itself to this, its legitimate and peculiar object. Most heartily do we wish it success; and, indeed, this volume is good earnest of it; but as it is not

popular in its character, we are compelled to dismiss it more briefly than its importance deserves.

*Memoirs of the Reign of King George III.* By Horace Walpole, now first Published from the Original MSS., with Notes, by Sir Denis le Marchant, Bart. Vols. III. and IV.

[Second Notice.]

THE ministerial majority of the Commons had to endure harsher treatment in their own house than that which we noticed in our former article:—

"Burke on a former day had attacked the House itself, and hinted that the majority was so guilty that they did not dare to take notice of the insults offered to them, and the reproaches cast on them. On the report he added, that he was conscious he had deserved to be sent to the Tower for what he had said; but knew the House did not dare to send him thither. Sir George Saville adopted and used the same language. Lord North took notice of it, but said he supposed Sir George had spoken in warmth. 'No,' replied Saville coolly, 'I spoke what has been my constant opinion; I thought so last night, I thought the same this morning. I look on this House as sitting illegally after their illegal act [of voting Lutterell representative for Middlesex]. They have betrayed their trust. I will add no epithets,' continued he, 'because epithets only weaken: therefore I will not say they have betrayed their country corruptly, flagitiously, and scandalously, but I do say they have betrayed their country; and I stand here to receive the punishment for having said so.' Mr. Conway, sensible of the weight of such an attack from a man so respectable, alarmed at the consequences that would probably attend the punishment of him, and firm in his own irreproachable virtue, took up the matter with temper, wisdom and art, and showed the impropriety and indecency of such language; and by that address prevented Saville from repeating the provocation, and soothed the House into sober concern, before any reciprocal heat had been expressed against the offender: for though Serjeant Glynn asserted that when the House had been in the wrong, it was right to say so; and though Charles Fox replied with much applauded fire, moderation had made its impression, and a scene was avoided that might have had the most fatal termination. Not only was Sir George Saville composed and ready to provoke the whole wrath of the legislature, but had the ministers dared to send him to the Tower, the Cavendishes, and the most virtuous and respectable of his friends, would have started up, would have avowed his language, and would have demanded to share his imprisonment. A dozen or twenty such confessors in the heart of a tumultuous capital would have been no indifferent spectacle: the great northern counties were devoted to them. Then, indeed, the moment was serious! Fortunately there were none but subordinate Ministers in the House of Commons, not one of whom chose to cast so decisive a die. The House sat silent under its ignominy—a punishment well suited to its demerits: and the sword was not called in to decide a contest in which Liberty and the Constitution would probably have been the victims. This was in effect the critical day; for though the struggle continued, and not without material convulsions, yet the apprehensions of rougher commotions wore away. Losses, dissensions, profligacy, treachery, and folly dissipated great part of the Opposition, and began

*Ex illo fluere, ac retro sublapsa referri  
Spes Danaum!"*

Among the many anomalies in this debate, we may notice as the most extraordinary that the best, and at the same time the most violent speech delivered against the government was that of the Lord Chancellor, Camden. He of course tendered his resignation, but there was some delay in accepting it, because the ministers were unable to find a successor. At length, Mr. Yorke, after having twice refused, was induced, by the King's personal solicitations, to accept the office. The sad result is thus related by Walpole:—

"He had been with the King over night (without

the knowledge of the Duke of Grafton), and had again declined; but being pressed to reconsider, and returning in the morning, the King had so overwhelmed him with flatteries, entreaties, prayers, and at last with commands and threats, of never giving him the post if not accepted now, that the poor man sunk under the importunity, though he had given a solemn promise to his brother Lord Hardwicke and Lord Rockingham, that he would not yield. He betrayed, however, none of the rapaciousness of the times, nor exacted but one condition, the grant of which fixed his irresolution. The Chancellor must of necessity be a peer, or cannot sit in the House of Lords. The Coronet was announced to Yorke; but he slighted it as of no consequence to his eldest son, who would, probably, succeed his uncle, Lord Hardwicke, the latter having been long married, and having only two daughters. But Mr. Yorke himself had a second wife, a very beautiful woman, and by her had another son. She, it is supposed, urged him to accept the Chancery, as the King offered, or consented, that the new peerage should descend to her son, and not to the eldest. The rest of his story was indeed melancholy, and his fate so rapid as to intercept the completion of his elevation.\* He kissed the King's hand on the Thursday: and from Court drove to his brother, Lord Hardwicke's—the precise steps of the tragedy have never been ascertained. Lord Rockingham was with the Earl. By some it was affirmed, that both the Marquis and the Earl received the unhappy renegade with bitter reproaches. Others, whom I rather believe, maintained that the Marquis left the House directly, and that Lord Hardwicke refused to hear his brother's excuses, and retiring from the room, shut himself into another chamber, obdurately denying Mr. Yorke an audience. At night it was whispered that the agitation of his mind, working on a most sanguine habit of body, inflamed of late by excessive indulgence both in meats and wine, had occasioned the bursting of a bloodvessel; and the attendance of surgeons was accounted for, by the necessity of bleeding him four times on Friday. Certain it is that he expired on the Saturday between four and six in the evening. His servants, in the first confusion, had dropped too much to leave it in the family's power to stifle the truth; and though they endeavoured to colour over the catastrophe by declaring the accident natural, the want of evidence and of the testimony of surgeons to colour the tale given out, and which they never took any public method of authenticating, convinced everybody that he had fallen by his own hand—whether on his sword, or by a razor, was uncertain."

To this narrative Walpole subsequently added the following note:—

"Very few days after the accident Mr. Edmund Burke came to me in extreme perturbation, and complained bitterly of the King, who, he said, had forced Mr. Yorke to disgrace himself. Lord Rockingham, he told me, was yet more affected at Mr. Yorke's misfortune, and would, as soon as he could see Lord Hardwicke, make an account public, in which the King's unjustifiable behaviour should be exposed. I concluded from his agitation that they wanted to disculpate Lord Hardwicke and Lord Rockingham of having given occasion to Mr. Yorke's despair. They found it prudent, however, to say no more on the subject. An astonishing and indecent circumstance that followed not very long after that tragedy was, that Lord Hardwicke, whose reproaches had occasioned his brother's death, attached himself to the Court, against Lord Rockingham, and obtained bishopricks for another of his brothers!"

After this catastrophe, no chancellor could be found, and the great seal was put in commission. The Duke of Grafton, long weary of the office of premier, which kept him from his horses and his mistresses, and only rewarded him for the loss of these favourite associates by setting him up as the principal mark for the arrows of a vindictive opposition, followed the advice ironically given him by Junius, and resigned his office. Lord North succeeded to

\* For the Great Seal was never affixed to the patent of his barony, and the King had not the generosity to make atonement to his family by confirming the promise, for having forced the unhappy person to take a step that cost him his life.

the office of premier, and formed the cabinet which must ever be gibbeted in history, for its conduct in reference to America.

Viewing these matters impartially, at the distance of nearly a century, we cannot blame the King for having sought to emancipate the crown and the country from the domination of "the great families," though we cannot approve the means employed. George III. sought to exalt prerogative on the ruins of aristocratic power, and hence he had, from the beginning of his reign, formed a party for himself, which took the name of "the King's friends;" for nearly twenty years Lord Bute bore the blame of all the intrigues conducted by this party, of which, in truth, he was the founder, but over which he scarcely, from the beginning, exercised any control. The King was not sorry to see the Opposition on a wrong scent, and he designedly led them farther astray by his manifestations of pretended personal regard to those of whom he was most anxious to be relieved. "The power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself," against which it was the fashion with Lord Chatham and others to declaim, was simply George III. in a closet with a backstairs, undoing all that he had pretended to do with his ministers in the council-chamber. It was this secret spirit of intrigue for the indulgence of personal feelings, most frequently of personal animosities, which prevented the King from ever attaining what was really a beneficial object, the overthrow of the oligarchy; and but for the courage of Lord North, he must have capitulated to the Grenvilles, the Rockinghams, or the Bedfords, or surrendered to some combination of the factions at discretion, when Grafton resigned. North saved the crown from this degradation:—

"Lord North had neither connexions with the nobility, nor popularity with the country, yet he undertook the government in a manly style, and was appointed First Lord of the Treasury on the 29th, with only one day to intervene before it would be decided whether he would stand or fall. Could he depend on men whom he had not time to canvass? Was it not probable that the most venal would hang off till they should see to which side the scale would incline! Yet Lord North plunged boldly into the danger at once. A more critical day had seldom dawned. If the Court should be beaten, the King would be at the mercy of the Opposition, or driven to have recourse to the Lords—possibly to the sword. All the resolutions on the Middlesex election would be rescinded, the Parliament dissolved, or the contest reduced to the sole question of prerogative. Yet in the short interval allowed, Lord North, Lord Sandwich, Rigby, and that faction on one side, the Scotch and the Buteists on the other hand, had been so active, and had acted so differently from what the Duke of Grafton had done, that at past twelve at night the Court proved victorious by a majority of forty."

Walpole's character of Lord North presents essentially the same features as Lord Brougham's description of that minister, but has greater consistency of parts and more similarity of life in portraiture:—

"He had knowledge, and though fond of his amusement, seemed to have all necessary activity till he reached the summit. Yet that industry ceased when it became most requisite. He had neither system, nor principles, nor shame; sought neither the favour of the Crown or of the people, but enjoyed the good luck of fortune with a gluttonous epicurism that was equally careless of glory and disgrace. His indolence prevented his forming any plan. His indifference made him leap from one extreme to another; and his insensibility to reproach reconciled him to any contradiction. He proved as indolent as the Duke of Grafton, but his temper being as good as the Duke's was bad, he was less hurt at capital disgraces than the Duke had been at trifling difficulties. Lord North's conduct

in the American war displayed all these features. He engaged in it against his opinion, and yet without reluctance. He managed it without foresight or address, and was neither ashamed when it miscarried, nor dispirited when the Crown itself became endangered by the additional war with France. His good humour could not be good nature, for at the beginning of the war he stuck at no cruelty, but laughed at barbarities with which all Europe rung. It could not be good sense, for in the progress he blushed at none of the mischiefs he had occasioned, at none of the reproaches he had incurred. Like the Duke of Grafton, he was always affecting a disposition to retire, yet never did. Unlike the Duke, who secured no emoluments to himself, Lord North engrossed whatever fell in his way, and sometimes was bribed by the Crown to promote Acts, against which he pretended his conscience recoiled—but it never was delicate when profit was in the opposite scale. If he had ambition, it was of very mean complexion, for he stooped to be but a nominal Prime Minister, and suffered the King's private juno to enjoy the whole credit of favour, while, between submission and laziness, Lord North himself was seldom the author of the measures in which he bore the principal part. This passive and inglorious tractability, and his being connected with no faction, made him welcome to the King: his having no predominant fault or vice recommended him to the nation, and his good humour and wit to everybody but to the few whom his want of good breeding and attention offended. One singularity came out in his character, which was, that no man was more ready for extremes under the administration of others, no man more temperate than Lord North during his own—in effect, he was a man whom few hated, fewer could esteem. As a Minister he had no foresight, no consistency, no firmness, no spirit. He miscarried in all he undertook in America, was more improvident than unfortunate, less unfortunate than he deserved to be. If he was free from vices, he was as void of virtues; and it is a paltry eulogium of a Prime Minister of a great country, yet the best that can be allotted to Lord North, that, though his country was ruined under his administration, he preserved his good humour, and neither felt for his country nor for himself. Yet it is true, too, that he was the least odious of the Ministers with whom he acted; and though servile in obedience to a Prince who meant so ill, there was reason to think that Lord North neither stimulated, nor was more than the passive instrument of the black designs of the Court."

Sir Denis le Marchant, in his notes on this passage, calls attention to a fact, first revealed to the English public by the *Athenæum*, that Lord North disapproved of the policy pursued towards America, that he wished to resign his office, and only kept in place by the King's personal solicitations. The important letter which we published, and circumstances connected with the publication which many of our readers will recollect, led to a reasonable expectation that Lord North's correspondence would, ere this, have been before the public, and we cannot conjecture any plausible reason for its continued suppression. That correspondence would, we have reason to believe, show that the evils attributed to the personal influence of the Earl of Bute, came from a different quarter, and indeed this did not escape the sagacity of Walpole:—

"If the Earl himself did not preserve the same degree of credit with his Majesty, the King acted on the plan in which he had been initiated, and had cunning enough, as most Princes have, to employ and trust those only who were disposed to sacrifice the interests of the country to the partial and selfish views of the Crown; views to which his Majesty so steadily adhered on every opportunity which presented itself, that, not having sense enough to discover how much the glory and power of the King is augmented by the flourishing state of the country he governs, he not only preferred his personal influence to that of England, but risked, exposed, and lost a most important portion of his dominions by endeavouring to submit that mighty portion to a more immediate dependence on the royal will. Mystery, insincerity,

and duplicity sometimes subjected him and never share of his efforts and anxiety to come to their post without perceiving that his business was made by the negative of his situation. His fatal ambition or such like whimsies, which gibbet the infant.

We have a story of a "great lie" which he subscribes under the name of He was generally to which view he twelve years him, em to deduce

"Let it to the King design of the Lords, I deeper design principle archie sc public. he would be his first Duke his virtue; wished to and became all their constitution to them, these ideas and former in the C and the c ill-advised vering h he must be unbound to the fr the King gative, c often as himself, own will occasion the nation brink of the King at home lowered, to the m Europe.

In no testimonies le Marchant work; money, an origin III. fi sources the ab honest

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and duplicity were the engines of his reign. They sometimes procured success to his purposes, oftener subjected him to grievous insults and mortifications, and never obtained his object without forfeiting some share of his character, and exposing his dignity to affronts and reproach from his subjects, and his authority to contempt from foreign nations. He seemed to have derived from his relations the Stuarts, all their perseverance in crooked and ill-judged policy without profiting by their experience, or recollecting that his branch had owed the Crown to the attempts made by the former Princes at extending the prerogative beyond the bounds set to it by the constitution. Nor does a sovereign, imbued with such fatal ambition, ever want a Jefferies or a Mansfield, or such less ostensible tools as the Dysons and Jenkins, who for present emolument are ready to gibbet themselves to immortal infamy by seconding the infatuation of their masters."

We have dwelt at greater length on the history of a period remarkable for nothing but "great littleness," as Jared Sparks justly describes it, than we should probably have done under the guidance of any historian but Walpole. He was one of those men, more common than generally supposed, who threw away the fame to which nature prompted, for the indulgences which over-pampered taste suggested. The view he has taken of the history of the twelve years through which we have followed him, embodies every lesson that we should wish to deduce from the survey:—

"Let it be observed, however, that, when I impute to the King and his mother little more than a formed design of reducing the usurped authority of the great Lords, I am far from meaning that there were not deeper designs at bottom. Lord Mansfield was by principle a tyrant; Lord Holland was bred in a monarchic school, was cruel, revengeful, daring, and subtle. Grenville, though in principle a republican, was bold, proud, dictatorial, and so self-willed that he would have expected Liberty herself should be his first slave. The Bedford faction, except the Duke himself, were void of honour, honesty, and virtue; and the Scotch were whatever their masters wished them to be, and too envious of the English, and became too much provoked by them, not to lend all their mischievous abilities towards the ruin of a constitution, whose benefits the English had imparted to them, but did not like they should engross. All these individuals or factions, I do not doubt, accepted and fomented the disposition they found predominant in the Cabinet, as they had severally access to it; and the contradictions which the King suffered in his ill-advised measures, riveted in him a thirst of delivering himself from control, and to be above control he must be absolute. Thus on the innate desire of unbounded power in all princes, was engrafted a hate to the freedom of the subject, and therefore, whether the King set out with a plan of extending his prerogative, or adopted it, his subsequent measures, as often as he had an opportunity of directing them himself, tended to the sole object of acting by his own will. Frequent convulsions did that pursuit occasion, and heavy mortifications to himself. On the nation it heaped disgrace, and brought it to the brink of ruin; and should the event be consonant to the King's wishes of establishing the royal authority at home, it is more sure that the country will be so lowered, that the Sovereign will become as subject to the mandates of France, as any little potentate in Europe."

In noticing the preceding volumes, we bore testimony to the skill and care which Sir Denis Le Marchant has bestowed on the editing of the work; we must do more than renew this testimony, and declare that we should gladly see an original work on the early history of George III. from one who obviously has excellent sources of information at his command, and the ability to discriminate testimony, and the honesty of purpose necessary to elicit truth.

# OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*A Glance at Belgium and the Rhine*, by Thomas Ramsay, Esq.—There is really no apology that can be offered sufficient to excuse the continued publi-

cation of works of this class and character. Here is a man with no special tastes or acquirements, who starts on a holiday trip to the Rhine; lands at Antwerp, passes by railway and steamboat through Belgium, and up to Frankfurt, and forthwith, on his return, publishes a book. To show how such books are manufactured, we will suppose that Mr. Ramsay took six days to see the customary sights at Antwerp—it is more than probable that he found three sufficient. Well then, Antwerp furnishes six chapters to his projected work! thus we have—1, A Voyage to Antwerp; 2, City of Antwerp; 3, Churches of Antwerp; 4, Churches of Antwerp concluded; 5, Walk through Antwerp; 6, Another Ramble—and in all these six chapters not one single original hint, thought, or speculation. As a specimen, take the following:—"This celebrated city, which in Flemish is called *Antwerpen*, in French *Anvers*, was formerly the pride of the Netherlands. It is situated on the right bank of the river, and is in the form of a drawn bow; the string of which would be the Scheldt. In the zenith of its commercial splendour, Antwerp had 13 gates, 74 bridges over the eight canals in the town, 200 streets, and 22 magnificent squares. It is now much shorn of all this greatness and grandeur; though it is still a fine town. It has a population of about 78,000; and there are upwards of 160 streets and squares, and several canals within its walls. The magnificence of its churches,—the beauty of its buildings,—the elegance of many of its mansions, and the vastness of its naval basins, and entrepôts, combine to render it a remarkable place. There is a tradition as to its origin that is worth relating; and as it is still symbolised in the civic emblems and festivals, there is more in it, one would think, than what is merely fabulous. There existed, it is said, about the time that Caesar invaded Belgium, a giant named Antigon," &c. Again, we have a chapter on 'The Exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves' (17 pages) and following out its suggestions, another on 'Religion in the district of the Rhine,' and a third on 'The proposed German-Catholic Church,' yet Mr. Ramsay never even put his foot in Treves, knows no more about the Holy Coat, or the Pilgrims, than he might have learned from the letters of our own correspondent, and has of course been obliged to eke out his speculations, which might just as well have been written, and most probably were written, in London, with half a dozen pages translated from a French Protestant journal, and half a dozen more from Ronge's letter, and so forth.

*Evenings in the Pyrenees*, edited and arranged by Selina Bunbury.—A miscellany of stories, one or two original,—others, we suspect, translated,—and put together with a sort of gossiping good-humour which makes us willing to overlook a little egotistic self-complacency. There is not much of the Pyrenees in Miss Bunbury's 'Decameron,' but much sentiment, set off with glyptic illustrations, some of which inspire us with a more favourable idea of the capabilities of the art than we had hitherto entertained.

*Norris Castle; or, Recent Tramps in the Isle of Wight*, by J. Gwilliam.—The dedication to 'Punch' shows the vein attempted; the preface also commences very funnily with an apology for a superfluous letter to be found in the exordium of the poem. Whether the author meant to insinuate that no graver fault could be charged upon it or him, he has scarcely left in mystery; for, by his book he tells us, he proposes "amusement and utility;"—nor will he permit himself to doubt having obtained his end, since he confesses he had "the vanity to think that the poetry it contained would not be treated with contempt by persons of discernment and taste;"—candidly adding,—"for though it may have a local feature about it, I think that, on an attentive perusal, it will be found to possess inherent qualities of a more elevated and aspiring character. If I may take the opinions of sensible and unprejudiced scholars, as vouchers of its effects, I am quite certain that the effusions in that work will render my name familiar to the residents of the Isle of Wight long after I have bid adieu to all worldly ambition." With such an opinion of his own labours, the author can scarcely want that of a reviewer. We, however, recommend the public to exercise considerable caution before they accept it as a veridical and unquestionable verdict—for ourselves, we dislike the tone and temper in which the work is written, and which is often wantonly offensive.

*The Poets of Yorkshire: comprising Sketches of the Lives, and Specimens of the Writings of those "Children of Song" who have been Natives or otherwise connected with the County of York.* Commenced by the Late William Courtwright Newsum, and published for the Benefit of His Family, by John Holland.—Mr. Holland stands high in our respect, for the individuality of the works to which he sets his name, and the care with which he completes them. Nor will this 'Poets of Yorkshire' damage his reputation as a conscientious literary artist. It is one of those volumes of local interest, the value of which to the general historian is greater than has been conceived. There is no studying the features of any one given district, without in some measure coming at an understanding of the causes which give genius its colour. The list of Yorkshire Poets is long, including, of course, some of the *Dii minorum gentium*: but that, in a collection like this, is inevitable:—and the specimens of their genius are interesting. In brief: no English poet's library will be complete without this volume.

*The Note-book of a Naturalist*, by E. P. Thompson.—Excellent Gilbert White, of Selborne, whose diaries have opened such a treasury of healthy pleasure and encouragement to country residents, must be held responsible, we fear, for a serious amount of twaddle since published. Though all may emulate his minuteness of observation, few have his artless, sincere singleness of purpose,—fewer still his picturesque English style at command; and hence the raptures and simplicities of his imitators have a sad tendency towards that feebleness which, by exciting a smile, casts discredit on a worthy pursuit. Why—we ask of the small naturalists, as we have often asked of the small poets and the small novelists—rush into print? Mr. Thompson, at least, cannot escape the charge of book-making. His wondrous anecdotes of jackdaws and dogs too reasonable to live long, of robins that fight, and white French diligence horses that bite, his notes upon nests, and hints on the hibernation of animals, and longer essays on their passions (for commentary on which, see "the Happy Family," so pleasantly known in London streets), are diluted with so much speculation and quotation and observation of the "grass-is-green" school, that we cannot but point to his 'Note-Book' as a substantiation of our remark.

*Days and Seasons, or Church Poetry for the Year.*—Any attempt to raise the tone of religious poetry deserves support. The divorce which has so long existed between taste and devotion, is now felt to have been injurious; and scattered efforts are made to effect their re-union. We doubt, however, whether much success awaits others in a path where Heber, Southey, and their poetical compeers, so signally failed. The ecclesiastical authorities, we fear, still shrink from the introduction of "ornamental poetry" into the church services, and seem to prefer the humbler and more familiar collections which on nearly every page contain something repugnant to the educated mind. In this, as in other instances, however, the initiative will, probably, be left to the public, and they who ought to be the first in the career of improvement, will be found to be at last yielding only to the pressure from without. It may be politic to put the drag-chain on the wheel of reform, so as to temper its speed; but there is a caution, which, overfearful of a rapid descent, may induce too slow a movement, and bring on the danger it would avoid. The poems before us, principally select, though some are original, are arranged in the order of the Sundays and holidays of the church, and can safely be commended as calculated to please a cultivated taste. Contributions, indeed, have lately been made to religious poetry by some of our writers, such as Miss Barrett, Alford, Faber, Lord John Manners, and others; and though we confess that the tone of some of these productions is not always sufficiently Protestant, we are so far from condemning them on that account, that we would point to them as stimuli for compositions of equal merit in a wiser spirit. In the present little work, there may be found too many of this class.—Let then the antidote be furnished in a better collection.

*Dr. M. Luther's Geistliche Lieder.*—This is a new edition of Luther's Spiritual Songs, produced in a style which will commend itself to the admirers of the great German Reformer, and the very beautiful hymns, the composition of which were among the

occasional recreations of his theological studies, and were permitted to console and cheer him in the perils and labours of his arduous apostleship.

*Alphabet of Nature*, by A. J. Ellis, B.A.—*The Photographic Class Book*, by J. Pitman.—*The Phototypic Journal*, Vols. 3 and 4.—*A Plea for Phototypy and Phonography*, by A. J. Ellis, B.A.—*A Manual of Phonography*, by J. Pitman.—These, and some other books and pamphlets of the kind, contain a new system of spelling, both for printing and writing. Discarding all etymological principles, they teach that the sound of the words should be our only guide in the construction of words. What good is to be gained by rejecting all helps to the derivation of language, and by substituting a mere system of sounds which must vary in every age, and which is yet so complicated as to require some labour to acquire, we are at a loss to conceive. It is quite clear, that if any book had been written on these principles a century or two ago, it must be unintelligible now; and any book so written at the present day, must be equally incomprehensible a century or two to come.

*Tales of the Trains*.—Stories intended to amuse railway travellers. The traveller who can be amused by such stories ought to be envied.

*Guide-Books*.—Remembering with pleasure Mary John Knott's letters from Kilkree, we laid by *The Irish Watering-Places: their Climate, Scenery, and Accommodations*, by Dr. Knox, for a summer day, imagining that we might thence extract temptations befitting a season when all that can escape from the hot city are packing their wallets for a holiday. But the country book-club who ordered Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*, by way of light reading, was hardly more at fault than we prove to have been. This work is valuable mainly as a medical guide-book. One hundred and thirty-three pages are devoted to the uses of springs in general, and the manifold disorders which the divers water-cures may reach; and the nine chapters which follow—the worth of which is enhanced by Dr. Kane's analyses of the principal mineral springs—are more thickly sown with warnings and encouragements to the valetudinarian than "provocations" to the weary who want rest, or the town-prisoned who stand in need of fresh air. The book, therefore, is one to be recommended to the Faculty rather than to the general reader.

*The Hand-Book of Useful and Ornamental Amusements and Accomplishments, including Artificial Flower Making, &c.*, by a Lady.—An elegant little volume, well adapted for ladies who have leisure, money, and taste for the various accomplishments of "engraving, etching, painting in all its styles, modelling, carving in wood, ivory and shell, also fancy work of every description, &c." But we have something also more useful, "netting and knitting," though we do not well see how either is to be learnt from books. However, we leave these matters to the ladies.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Bray's (Anna Eliza) Novels and Romances, Vol. V. 'The Talba; or, the Moor of Portugal,' 8s. 6d. cl.  
 Burton's (Rev. Charles) Lectures on the Deluge, and the World after the Flood, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Comprehensive Atlas, with 31 Maps and Compendium of Geographical Statistics and Index, royal 4to. 1s. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Cottage Sermons, or, Short Discourses, addressed to Plain People, by the Rev. Charles Davy, 2 vols. 12mo. 7s. cl.  
 Davy's (Bishop) Plain and Short History of England, 7th edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. 6d. cl.  
 Eleventh Annual Report of Poor Law Commissioners, with Appendix, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
 Emigrant's Guide; or, Ten Years' Practical Experience in Australia, by Rev. D. Mackenzie, M.A. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.; ditto, with Vocabulary, 18mo. 5s. cl.  
 Four Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge, by the Rev. C. Smith Birk, 8s. 2d. cl.  
 Forresters (The), by the Author of 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' new edit. 3s. 6d. cl., 2d. 3s. cl., 3d. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Gilbert's Geography for Families and Schools, col. maps, roy. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Henderson's (Mrs.) Philosophy of Human Life; or, the Argument of the Book of Ecclesiastes, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Herodotus, Greek, edited by Prof. Long, 1 vol. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
 Hogg's Weekly Instructor, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Love and Memorialism, by Horace Smith, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.  
 Memorials of Missionary Life in Nova Scotia, by Charles Churchill, 12mo. 3s. cl.  
 Newton's (Rev. John) Sixty-eight Letters, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
 Orphans of Lissac, new edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.  
 People's Gallery of Engravings, Vol. II. 4to. 12s. cl.  
 Progressive Exercises in English Composition, by R. G. Parker, A.M. 14th edit. 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Revelations of Spain in 1845, by T. M. Hughes, 2nd edit. with Additions, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1s. 1s. cl.  
 Rhine Book (The), by F. K. Hunt, with 100 engravings, small 4to. 14s. cl.  
 Ruling Passion (The), a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. cl.  
 Sermons by the late Rev. Thomas Grylls, M.A. with a Biographical Sketch, by the Rev. J. Punnett, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Slade's (Rev. Jas.) Plain Parochial Sermons, Vol. VI. 12mo. 6s. bds. Sybil; or, the Two Nations, by B. Disraeli, Esq. 3rd edition, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.  
 Walker's (T. H.) Companion for the Afflicted, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.  
 Williams's (Rev. J.) Sacred Verses with Pictures, 2nd series, square, 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Women of Israel, by Grace Aguilar, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s. cl.

#### ON THE INFLUENCE OF FRICTION ON THERMO-ELECTRIC PHENOMENA.

[Dr. Paul Erman, of Berlin, has requested us to insert the following postscript to his paper, read at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, of which an abstract was given in the *Athenæum* [ante, p. 671], and an allusion was made to the point which is more thoroughly treated in this postscript.]

Un juge éminentement qualifié (Mr. Grove) ayant trouvé que j'ai très imparfaitement motivé le soupçon d'une analogie possible entre certains effets de la chaleur naissante dans l'état du frottement et la découverte de M. Peltier, je passe condamnation pour avoir affecté une forme trop strictement aphoristique, et j'essaie d'y suppléer en choisissant entre plusieurs autres un fait tribo-thermo-électrique dont l'extrême paradoxe m'a surtout induit à concevoir le soupçon.

Soit un crystal de sulfure de plomb à l'un des poles du multiplicateur, et au pole opposé (pour être alternativement mis en jeu) les réophores d'un barreau de bismuth et d'un barreau d'antimoine. Le bismuth frottant le crystal prend aussitôt l'électricité négative. Cette exception étoit déjà connue pour le bismuth échauffé. De toutes les analogies connues jusqu'à présent il résulte que l'antimoine frottant à son tour deviendra positif, et que pour en obtenir une déclinaison négative il faudroit le refroidir. Or je trouve que le frottement de l'antimoine donne absolument la même déclinaison que le bismuth; direction, intensité, promptitude, tout est sensiblement égal. On ne peut nier que dans ce cas excessivement paradoxal il semble qu'un incrément de chaleur naissante produise pour l'antimoine l'effet d'un refroidissement.

Les effets singuliers que l'on observe en substituant des mottes de sulfure de plomb non cristallisées régulièrement, confirment l'aperçu que les effets du frottement sont subordonnés à des mouvements moléculaires. Je désire que des physiiciens plus habiles réussissent à obtenir des effets tribo-thermiques par la simple vibration interne de verges élastiques sonores. Je n'ai point encore pu en obtenir. Mais le gros lot peut échoir à celui qui découvrirait une différence de réaction thermo-électrique selon qu'un corps doué de polarité magnétique seroit frotté (échauffé moléculairement) à l'un ou à l'autre de ses poles.

La pièce d'aiman (magnet stein, loadstone) et le sulfure magnétique (magnet kies) réagissent très fort par le frottement; je les ai, mais sans aucun succès jusqu'ici, employés ainsi que l'acier aimanté à cette singulière investigation que l'on pourroit nommer pour comble de ridicule magneto-tribo-thermo-électrique.

#### REMARKABLE AERIAL PHENOMENA OBSERVED AT COMRIE, PERTSHIRE.

This place promises ere long to become as noted for its wonders in the heavens above, as it has long been for the beauty of its superficial scenery and its mysterious thunders in the earth beneath. What are we to think of the following vision, observed by a party (of which the writer was one), about 8 o'clock on the evening of Thursday, the 21st inst. two miles west of this village?

Immediately to the north of the village of Comrie there is a bold hill, called Dunmore, with a pillar of seventy or eighty feet in height built on its summit in memory of the late Lord Melville. The perfect image of this well-known hill and obelisk, as exact at least as the shadow usually represents the substance, was observed distinctly; projected on the northern sky, at least two miles beyond the original, which, owing to an intervening eminence, was itself not in view at all from the station. The image was that which the hill and monument present as viewed from the village, that is, from the south. Instead of being a shadow on a cloud, it seemed to be the shape of the thing represented moulded out of the cloud itself, and thus stuck up against the northern sky. The edges of the figure representing those of the pillar, though of course less substantial-looking than their granitic originals, seemed as erect and well defined as the masonry itself, and so also where the harder features of the hill formed parts of the profile; while those portions in the original covered with wood had in the figure a serrated fringe, exactly as these portions themselves would show if looked at between the eye and sky. The figure continued visible, after it was

first noticed (how long before it is of course impossible to say), for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and was, during that time, seen and minutely examined by three individuals, so that there could be no illusion in the case. One of these seemed to think that there was one projection in the model on the top of the hill, near the base of the monument, that was not in the original. However, on examining the latter next morning, he was obliged to admit that the image was more faithful than his memory, for there stood the prototype of the disputed projection, in the shape of a clump of trees, at the very spot. We have often heard of the "Spectre of the Broken," and of the inverted images of various objects, both terrestrial and marine, being seen in the air. But the present seems to belong to a different class of phenomena from either of these, and to a class never before (that the writer is aware of) recorded. "The spectre" has been explained both by M. Haue and M. Gmelin to be the magnified solar shadow of the objects represented cast upon the distant cloud, and the other appearance is caused by some reflective property in the atmosphere; whereas the phenomenon at present under review seemed to be formed or cut out of the materials of the cloud itself, as the latter was not visible beyond the limits of the image, and these materials out of which the image seemed to have been erected remained visible long after the likeness had ceased. Could all this have been morally one of the innumerable fortuitous configurations into which clouds are perpetually changing themselves? The exactness of the likeness would have made this explanation unsatisfactory even though the phenomenon were observed in a different part of the world, but happening where the original was present almost forces the mind to the conclusion that, however it may be accounted for, the present was a fact of no mere accidental coincidence, but that the two objects, the hill and cloudy image, were somehow connected together as cause and effect.

On this occasion, the sun had been down for some time, and the moon had only lately risen, and was peeping through some holes in a thick screen of clouds that skirted the eastern horizon, and of course far from the line of the Dunmore and image, so that neither of these luminaries had any direct hand in the sketch. The planet Mars, however, though invisible from the station during the vision, owing to an intervening hill, soon afterwards rose to view more resplendent than ever the writer remembers to have seen him before—thus raising suspicions that he had been concerned in the plot; and, upon reflection, we found that he must have been about the line at the time. But how could he cause such an image? Can there be any such *Daguerriotype* virtue in his rays as to produce such a result? We have heard of electrical rays from the various planets having an effect on our weather, &c., but we do not recollect of its ever having been even surmised that they were capable of thus producing pictures. The writer is one who has always been inclined to disbelieve these alleged electrical influences; but assuming for a moment that Mars' rays have the property of dissolving any cloud they are directed against (and we are certain electricity has great powers both in manufacturing and dissolving clouds), and supposing, further, that his rays on that occasion were playing full upon the cloud in question, all except the portion screened from their direct action by the intervening hill and monument, we can thus imagine how the figure could have been formed, or rather left, of the cloud. The writer is by no means satisfied with this attempted solution, but offers it merely as a guess in a question involving considerable interest and mystery.

#### THE ROXBURGH BALLADS.

WE continue our notice of the three folio volumes of ballads now most appropriately deposited in the British Museum, the great national receptacle of our national literature, of which early pieces of popular poetry form so essential and distinctive a part. If it be not always as positively good as might be desired, we ought to recollect for whom it was written: productions of the kind were the vehicles of the opinions of the mass of the people upon the topics of the day: they are so even in our own time, and were much more so among our ancestors before the invention of newspapers; and, as has been said

by a great authority, as far as our annals, Ballads may wind blows, show it in its lofty vane's influences. I settle the doubt hereafter by pretend to possess moral opinions 200 years, other source old ballads to consider interesting commit a guess upon the clouds must always period where men were strong though because the not understand majority of volumes much later amusement like Sidney writing for a contrast ting; and, Wars, when ments for or grievous makers as M. Climeel, R almost daily for the apper Parker will of production also be in sence Price hitherto un- Two ball burgh coll that charm illustrated, forgotten the work, one correctly, the last is mother:— But stay, is you one si you sung la played so pu bely. Maud.—I and then sal

In none Angler' ha or author had the cu probably h to have be trace behin he had ren the sight o song abou Martin Pa one of whi

Her But



by a great authority, "they contain more real history, as far as the multitude is concerned, than all our annals, which treat of kings, princes, and nobles." Ballads may be but "straws to show which way the wind blows," to use Selden's expression, but they show it in its under-currents with more truth than the lofty vases placed far above the level of popular influences. If we could, with any degree of precision, settle the dates of the various compositions in the Roxburghe collection (and it may possibly be done hereafter by a patient examination, which we cannot pretend to have bestowed upon them), we should possess more valuable materials for a history of national opinions, prejudices, and manners, for about 200 years, than we can hope to derive from any other source. Therefore, if some people fancy that old ballads ought to contain what they are pleased to consider good poetry, and that their contents are interesting and important on no other account, they commit a gross mistake: good poetry, in the best sense of the words, must generally be thrown away upon the class to which ballads are addressed. They must always be looked at with reference to the period when they were written: our oldest specimens were adapted to a state of society in which strong thoughts and natural feelings predominated, because the modes and habits of artificial life were not understood and introduced; but the great majority of the twelve hundred pieces in the volumes under consideration were composed at a much later date, and not a few of them were the amusement of the lower orders, at a time when men like Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton, were writing for the higher orders. These present rather a contrast to the refinements of style then prevailing; and, coming down to the period of the Civil Wars, when theatres were closed, and other amusements for the multitude either entirely put down or grievously curtailed, we shall find such ballad-makers as Martin Parker, Lawrence Price, Richard Climsell, Robert Guy, John Wade, and a few more, almost daily endeavouring to provide welcome food for the appetite of the mob. The name of Martin Parker will be familiar to many readers of the class of productions to which we are referring: they may also be in some degree acquainted with that of Lawrence Price; but Climsell, Guy, and Wade have been hitherto unknown contributors to our ballad-poetry.

Two ballads, by Martin Parker, both in the Roxburghe collection, materially illustrate a portion of that charming book, which can never be too much illustrated, 'Walton's Angler.' Nobody can have forgotten the three songs in Chapter IV. of that work, one by Marlowe, another imputed, probably correctly, to Raleigh, and the third anonymous: the last is thus introduced by the Milk-maid's mother:—

But stay, honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin sing to you one short song more.—Maudlin, sing that song that you sang last night, when young Coridon, the shepherd, played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

Maud.—I will, mother.  
and then she sings as follows:—

I married a wife of late,  
The more's my unhappy fate:  
I married her for love,  
As my fancy did me move,  
And not for a worldly estate.  
But oh! the green sickness  
Soon changed her likeness,  
And all her beauty did fail.  
But 'tis not so  
With those that go  
Through frost and snow,  
As all men know,  
And carry the milking-pail.

In none of the innumerable editions of 'Walton's Angler' has anybody attempted to trace the origin or author of this song; and as long as Mr. Bright had the custody of the Roxburghe Ballads it would probably have remained unknown: he does not seem to have been aware of it himself, for he has left no trace behind him, as far as we can understand, that he had read the volumes he so studiously kept from the sight of others. The fact, however, is, that the song above quoted is formed out of two ballads by Martin Parker, with his initials at the end of them: one of which bears the following title:—

Keep a good Tongue in your Head:

Here's a very good woman, in every respect,  
But only her tongue breeds all the defect.

It opens with a stanza, only the first five lines of which were employed, with some slight changes, by Walton.

I marry'd a wife of late,  
The more's my unhappy fate:  
I took her for love,  
As fancy did me move,  
And not for her worldly state.  
For qualities rare  
Few with her compare:  
Let me do her no wrong.  
I must confess,  
Her chiefs amiss,  
Is only this,  
As some wives is,  
She cannot rule her tongue.

Walton wanted no more than the commencement: more would not have answered his purpose; and for a conclusion he resorted to another popular production by the same writer (whom he nowhere names), which is thus headed in the original copy:—

The Milk-maid's Life;

A pretty new ditty, composed and pen'd,  
The praise of the milking pail to defend.

Like the former, it consists of many stanzas (of which we shall speak presently), but as Walton did not require more than part of one of them, he took it (again with alterations) from the following:—

Those lasses nice and strange,  
That keep shops in the Exchange,  
Sit pricking of clouts,  
And giving of flouts,  
They seldom abroad do range:  
Then comes the green sickness  
And changeth their likeness.  
All this for want of good sale;  
But 'tis not so,  
As proove doth show  
By them that go  
In frost and snow,  
To carry the milking pail.

Both these ballads were written to be sung to the same air, "To a curious new tune called the Milk-maid's Dumpe," which, as far as we know, has been lost, for we find no trace of it in any collection, public or private. Neither of Martin Parker's ballads has a date, but the first was "Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the Horshoe in Smithfield," while the last has merely "Printed at London for T. Lambert." Both are in black-letter; and as Walton has thought them worth quoting, another specimen or two from each may not be unacceptable. The following is the third stanza of 'Keep a good Tongue in your Head.'

Her cheeks are red as the rose,  
Which June for her glory shows:  
Her teeth on a row  
Stand like a wall of snow,  
Between her round chin and her nose.  
Her shoulders are decent,  
Her arms white and pleasant,  
Her fingers small and long.  
No fault I find,  
But in my mind  
Most women kind  
Must come behind.

O! that she could rule her tongue.

Of her domestic qualities and recommendations the author writes thus, showing, among other things, the usual employments of women of her rank in that day—most likely during the Protectorate.

Her needle she can use well;  
In that she doth most excell;  
She can spin and knit,  
And everything fit,  
As her neighbours all can tell.  
Her fingers apace  
At weaving bone lace  
She useth all day long:  
All arts that be  
To women free  
Of each degree,  
Perfometh she.  
O! that she could rule her tongue.

From the other ballad, 'The Milk-maid's Life,' which must have preceded in point of date, we make the subsequent quotation, which succeeds a stanza in which Parker invokes the "rural goddesses" to assist him in singing the praise of Milk-maids.

The bravest lasses gay  
Live not so merry as they.  
In honest civil sort  
They make each other sport,  
As they trudge on their way.  
Come faire or foule weather,  
They're fearful of neither,  
Their courages never quail:  
In wet or dry,  
Though winds be hye,  
And darke the sky,  
They ne'er deny  
To carry the milking pail.

Their hearts are free from care,  
They never will despair:  
Whatever them befall,  
They bravely beare out all,  
And fortune's frowns outdare.  
They pleasantly sing  
To welcome the spring,  
'Gainst heaven they never rail.  
If grass will grow  
Their thanks they show;  
And frost and snow,  
They merrily goe,  
Along with the milking pail.

Surely those who love poetry, and who sometimes unreasonably expect to meet with it in old ballads of a comparatively modern date, must be satisfied with this sweet, cheerful, pastoral vein of Martin Parker. To us it is no wonder that he was quoted by Isaac Walton: our wonder rather is that Walton did not name him as well as Marlowe and Raleigh: however, his reason might be that Parker was living when the first edition of 'The Complete Angler' was printed, in 1653. Martin Parker was a much better poet than many give him credit for; and though he wrote for bread, and wrote to please the vulgar, he was, as we could show did space allow it, author of some of the best and most famous of the Robin Hood ballads, hitherto anonymously printed. Before we quit Walton and angling, we may fitly direct attention to an excellent song, in the collection now under review, chiefly in praise of angling, but satirically and humorously touching various professions and avocations: the following is one stanza of it.

When Eve and Adam liv'd by love,  
And had no cause for jangling,  
The Devil did the waters move;  
The Serpent fell to angling.  
He baits his hook with godlike look;  
Quoth he, this will intangle her;  
The woman chaps, and down she drops:  
The Devil was the first angler.

The title given to the production is 'The Royal Recreation of Jovial Anglers,' and the main purpose of the writer (whose name or initials nowhere appear) is stated in this introductory couplet:—

Proving that all men are Intanglers,  
And all professions are turned Anglers.

In this spirit we read as follows:—

Upon the Exchange, twist twelve and one,  
Meets many a neat intangler;  
Most merchant men, not one in ten,  
But is a cunning Angler:  
And, like the fishers in the brooke,  
Brother doth fish for brother:  
A golden bait hangs at the hook,  
And they fish for one another.  
A shopkeeper I next prefer;  
A formal man in black, sir,  
That throws his angle everywhere,  
And cries, "What let's you lack, sir?"  
Fine silks and stuffs, or hoods and muffs:  
But if a courtier prove the intangler,  
My citizen must look to't then,  
Or the fish will catch the Angler.

Several circumstances show that this song was not as old as the reign of Elizabeth, one of them being that the hour for the meeting of merchants on the Exchange in her day, as might be established by various authorities, was between eleven and twelve: in the subsequent reign it became between twelve and one, and so it continued till after the breaking out of the civil wars.

It was during those wars that May-games were temporarily suppressed; but they were not finally extinguished until a short time before the Restoration, when the *Funebria Floræ* took place. In the Roxburghe collection are several ballads and songs upon May and May-games, some, no doubt, written shortly anterior to their extinction, and when the people seemed naturally to cling to them with peculiar fondness. A few of these pieces are penned in such a free and lively strain, that they are hardly fit for the selection of specimens, although there is in them much more of lively and boisterous mirth, than of vice and indelicacy. The first stanza of one of them, entitled 'The Fetching Home of May,' (to the tune of 'Room for Company') may be extracted, and will show the animating spirit with which they were composed: it is certainly not much later than the reign of Elizabeth, although the copy of it we have used was "printed at London, by J. Wright, junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Bailey," perhaps about 1650 or 1660.

Now Pan leaves piping, the gods have done feasting,  
There's never a goddess a hunting to-day,  
Mortals doe marvell at Corydon's jesting,  
That lends them assisting to entertain May.

The lads and the lasses,  
With scarfs on their faces,  
So lively, it passes,  
Trip over the dunes:  
Much mirth and sport they make,  
Running at barley-break:  
Good lack! what pines they take  
For their greene gowns.

It is quite evident from the run of the lines, that the tune of 'Room for Company' was the same as that afterwards called 'Hunting the Hare.' In fact, 'Hunting the Hare' was also known by the name of 'The Green Gown,' from the burden of the very stanza we have just quoted.

There is a species of ballad, of which several examples are contained in the Roxburghe volumes, that we do not recollect to have met with elsewhere, nor has it, we believe, been remarked upon by any of our poetical antiquaries. We allude to the 'Medley,' which consists of stanzas formed from single lines or fragments of other popular compositions, well known at the time, and therefore easily recognized by street-audiences. We may reasonably doubt whether medleys were ever great favourites with the lower orders, or more of them would have come down to us: they may have specimens of the kind in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge; but we doubt it, and we feel sure that they have none at Oxford. The fact is, that the pleasure to be derived from them so much depended upon the recognition of lines from current and notorious ballads, that the moment popular recollection failed, medleys would cease to be attractive, and hence they must have been rarely reprinted. We were surprised, therefore, to meet with two different copies, clearly of different dates, of a medley, the antiquity of which is hardly to be disputed, because it was sung "to the tune of Tarlton's Medley," meaning Richard Tarlton, the most celebrated comedian of any age, who died in 1588. 'Tarlton's Medley' must have been greatly liked as he wrote and sung it at the theatre, and of its popularity the author of the imitation before us, which was to be sung to the same tune, availed himself. It is entitled

An excellent Medley,  
Which you may admire at without offence,  
For every line speaks a contrary sense,

and it was printed first for Henry Gosson (not originally, although every earlier edition seems to have perished), and afterwards for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. It opens with this stanza, and it will be observed that no one line has any connexion in point of sense with another:—

In summer time when folks make hay,  
All is not true that people say,  
The fool's the wisest in the play.

Tush! take away your hand,  
The fiddler's boy hath broke his base;  
Sir, is not this a piteous case?  
Most gallants loath to smell the mace  
Of Wood-street.

Here we find fragments of seven or eight different ballads, and so of the other stanzas, nineteen in number, of which the medley consists: thus, supposing each stanza to be composed of lines taken from seven separate productions of this class, the whole ballad would remind the hearer, at the time it was written, of no fewer than 133 popular songs. Some, though only a few, have survived to our own day: thus, in the following stanza, we only know of that performance in which John Dory is mentioned:—

When the fifth Harry sail'd to France,  
Let me alone for a country dance,  
Nell will bewail her luckless chance;

Pie on false-hearted men!  
Dick Tarlton was a merry wag,  
Hark, how the prating ass will brag,  
John Dory sold his ambling nag  
For kick-shaws.

The ballad of John Dory has been preserved by Ritson and others, but we may well grieve for the loss of a heroic ballad on the victories of Henry V. in France, if not for that which related some personal anecdote of Tarlton. The reference to him proves, in some degree, the antiquity of the production; and in another stanza, we find an allusion, the darkness of which may be easily accounted for, to the accident which happened on the Thames, late in the reign of Elizabeth, when a shot from a gun wounded one of the watermen, who were rowing the Queen in her barge:—

Now hides are cheap, the tanner thrives,  
Hang those base knaves that beat their wives,  
He needs must go that the devil drives;

God bless us from a gun!  
The headies make the lame to run;  
Vaunt not before the battle's won,  
A cloud sometimes may hide the sun.  
Chance medley.

It was "chance medley" that wounded the Queen's watermen, when Thomas Appletree fired the gun on the Thames. It is to be borne in mind, that when once a medley had been published, any subsequent writer seems to have felt himself at liberty to add to, or alter it, in order that it might better suit his own day; and we learn, from the testimony in our hands, that such was the custom with Martin Parker, whose initials at the end of a ballad seem to have been sufficient to insure a considerable sale. The price of a broadside of the kind was a penny during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles (as is proved by many of those under our notice), which cannot but be deemed high, when we recollect that it was equal to about sixpence of our present money.

We have hitherto said nothing of the serious and tragical ballads in the Roxburghe collection: they are not numerous, nor of very high merit, but as some of them interestingly illustrate a few of our early dramatic compositions, we may, on a future occasion, advert to them. At present, though we have by no means exhausted the subject, we have, perhaps, given sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, until they can themselves inspect the contents of the volumes in the Library of the Museum.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Exhibition of the works of Art submitted for the inspection of the Royal Commission of Fine Arts, closes this day, in Westminster Hall. The Commissioners have given notice, in answer to applications received by them from artists desirous of becoming candidates for employment in fresco-painting, as to the mode in which specimens may hereafter be brought under the notice of the former—that these may be sent to Westminster Hall, from the 1st of March to the 1st of May next, inclusive. As we understand the terms of the notice, it is not, at present, intended that these specimens shall be publicly exhibited.—It is announced, by the same commission, that the competition in oil-painting, which was fixed to take place in June 1846, is postponed till the same month of the following year.

A few bits of foreign Art-gossip may interest our readers. The exhibition of the Fine Arts to open at Munich on the 25th inst., being the first exposition of the kind which has taken place in that capital for the last seven years, attracts more than common interest, and is said to be largely contributed to by foreign artists.—The principle of monumental commemoration makes rapid progress—particularly in France.—M. David's bronze statue of Jean Bart, for Dunkirk, is finished, and will be inaugurated on the 7th of September. The description of this work given by the Art-journals of Paris, suggests a remarkable resemblance to the design of Mr. Kirk's 'Sir Sidney Smith,' exhibited at our Royal Academy, in the present year.—Raggi's statue of the late Duke of Orleans is also finished, and will be inaugurated, at St. Omer, in the course of next month.—The Municipal Council of Epinal has voted 3,000 francs towards the erection, in one of the public places of that town, of a statue of Claude Lorraine:—and the Municipal Council of Falaise has contributed 3,000 francs, that of Bayeux 200 francs, and that of Rouen 500 francs, towards the monument of William the Conqueror.—The Municipal Council of Aurillac has determined on the erection of a bronze statue, in one of its squares, to the memory of Gerbert, who was preceptor to Robert, King of France; and became Pope, by the title of Sylvester II.—the first Frenchman who filled the chair of St. Peter.—At Copenhagen, the equestrian statue, in marble, of the late King Frederick the Sixth, was inaugurated, a week or two ago, at Skanderborg, near Aarhus, in the province of Northern Jutland. This work is the last of which the illustrious Thorwaldsen completed the model.

An Artistic Association has recently been formed in St. Petersburg; which, though it has been subjected to those freezing influences that await all intellectual development in that ungenial country—chilling and fettering its streams of thought by a law as certain as the physical frost which binds up and

controls its natural rivers—is yet worthy of a welcome, both as evidence of the Muscovite thirst for such intellectual waters, and because of the promise of a future supply which it contains. It is the property of such currents, as of physical streams, when once they have been permitted to work themselves a channel, to receive accessions to their volume from many an unsuspected tributary—spreading and deepening as they go—circumventing the obstacle which they cannot surmount—marking their path with a beauty and fertility that bring down the hearts of nations to their brink.—till a time comes when the very obstacle, instead of turning them aside, but adds to the force of their onward march, when they rise silently above the barrier to rush forward irresistibly. These things, however, are the work of time everywhere—and will take a great deal of it in Russia. The temperature, there, is very severe:—the Neva and the mind of man both obey the ice-chain. Nevertheless, there is, even in the immediate organization of this new institution, something deserving of praise. Its objects are two-fold—that of spreading a love and taste for art among the people, and that of creating a school of sculptors and painters. The society has accepted a subsidy of 1,000*l.* a year from the government—thereby sacrificing its independence. It has fallen, at that price, under ministerial control—possibly it may have had no option. It will make no dangerous progress, under that surveillance. But it is to the credit of the institution, that it has been characteristically used as a step towards the emancipation of the Russian serf. This school of the Fine Arts receives as pupils only the children of serfs; whose proprietors must enter into engagement to free them, so soon as they shall have received a silver medal, or the distinctive title of academical artist. Thus in a land of slaves, the legal freedom of the serf is made the prize of his intellectual progress. Whether consciously or not, here are the recognition of a great historic truth and the adoption of a sound political principle. There is another truth, as yet beyond the grasp of Russian statistics—that intellectual progress may be the gift of legal freedom.

Some of the very many poetical aspirants whom we have, from time to time, introduced to the public, may thank us, perhaps, for pointing out to them an instance of a golden reward actually attached to a successful exercise of their craft. Our advertising columns of last week will furnish them with the particulars, under which a prize of ten pounds is to be contended for, by a poem on the Slave Trade. The more illustrious troubadours are evidently not invited to this contest—its terms being especially adapted to the *dii minores* of song.

At home, we may mention, the Queen has, by an order in council, approved of the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for founding eighteen additional fellowships in the University of Durham—of the yearly value of 120*l.* each:—and abroad, breking through the rigid etiquette of an English court, and catching something of the spirit of the people among whom she found herself, she has ventured to pay a visit to a mere literary Professor. This courtesy, the first of the kind which Literature, Science or the Arts have received from her Island-Majesty, she paid to Dr. Bischoff, at Bonn. We fear, however, that literature must not plume itself on this recognition.—for Dr. Bischoff was the director of Prince Albert's studies during his residence at that University. It is consolatory to know, that as this visit to a foreign Professor had a special grace of its own, it will take nothing from the grace of any personal recognition that may hereafter occur to her Majesty of such titles at home.—We may add, on the authority of the *Gazette de Cologne*, that our Queen has remitted to the central Committee for directing the restoration of the Cathedral in that city, the sum of 3,500 crowns—about 560*l.*—towards the completion of that great work.

Among the multitude of royal and remarkable men whom peace, and its facilities, have brought as visitors to our sea-girdled, but no longer sea-locked, island, few will have excited more interest and curiosity than the soldier, Ibrahim,—whose sword helped to cut off a horn of the Crescent, and from its "monstrous cantle," to carve out an empire for that half-savage, Mehemet Ali. Ibrahim, the hero of a hundred *tales*, is one of those men whose place in the imagination of the looker-on from afar is not reckoned

by the number of his exploits he makes. V. his figure, li mysterious of a darker march to mo past. Ages infant soven of Napoleon to solve the self, is like the dead." S up over the world, the stful efforts aspects—no is light up wilderness, the barbaric empire which has been, a desert as has been, though not with much the Abanas Jordan in the waters in the spring among his deeds, himself, or diversion. On the struction, is publication, under the cuary of the Kingdom: of each So and resource hours and the ordinary sit report of the the annual —the list of members— learned bod we may ad demy of In manuscript has underta a History, living langu tion of ea notions ent ample, to it ion it has i tion by th author, and vators of t importance the price tablishment From th of Sciences the remaini members in death, in k tinguished mentions t tory of the letem, to M immediately to the publ The rest to be at on the Interior tect M. Du des Beaux Paris, have sion.—A the inaugu the archite place on th At Augu mann has



by the number of his tails. No doubt, the scenery of his exploits helps the singular impression which he makes. With Egypt and Syria for his back-ground, his figure, like his father's, stands in a strange and mysterious relief. His banner waves in the shadow of a darker desert than even war can make, and his march to modern empire is over the graves of empires past. Ages look down, from the pyramid, on the infant sovereignty, to repeat the magnificent figure of Napoleon, and the sword of the Facha is helping to solve the riddle of the Sphinx. Mehemet, himself, is like one standing "between the living and the dead." Slowly and wearily, do what he will, dawns up over the ruins, moral and natural, of a perished world, the new civilization. Amid its faint and fitful efforts, he is, himself, like Janus, with two aspects—now looking over to Europe, and catching its light upon his face—now turning back to the wilderness, and hiding his features in the gloom of the barbarian past. It is felt, by all men, that the empire which his race have won, and are winning, has been, and has to be, wrested as much from the desert as from the Turk.—The health of this prince has been, for some time, failing; and his malady, though not understood to be dangerous, is attended with much suffering. Accordingly, he is sent from the Abanias and Pharpars of the East, to seek a far Jordan in Italy;—and after passing the winter at the waters of Tuscany, intends, it is said, to visit us, in the spring. He will be an object of great attraction amongst us, we doubt not—in spite of some of his deeds, and because of others,—unless Mehemet, himself, or the Grand Turk comes over, to make a diversion.

On the report of the Minister of Public Instruction, in Paris, a royal ordinance directs the publication, on the 1st of January in every year, under the direction of his department, of an "Annuaire of the Scientific and Literary Societies of the Kingdom;—comprising the Statutes and Regulations of each Society—an account of its origin, objects and resources—an analysis of its most important labours and those of its members—the relation of its ordinary sittings and annual public assemblies—the report of the prizes decreed in those assemblies, and the annual programme of the prize-subjects proposed—the list of its resident, correspondent, and associate members—and the nomenclature of the principal learned bodies of other States." To this paragraph we may add, that M. Paris, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and conservateur-adjoint in the manuscript department of the *Bibliothèque Royale*, has undertaken to prepare not only a Catalogue, but a History, of all the MSS. in the French and other living languages of Europe, existing in that institution. This history will include the material description of each volume;—the particulars known, or notions entertained, regarding it,—relating, for example, to its copyist,—the persons in whose possession it has been,—the time and motives of its acquisition by the Royal Library;—and a notice on the author, and on the merit of his work. The conservators of the *Bibliothèque Royale*, recognizing the importance of such a work, have determined that half the price of printing it shall be borne by the establishment.

From the same capital, we hear that the Academy of Sciences has elected Herr Wöhler, of Göttingen, to the remaining vacancy in the list of its corresponding members in the Chemical section;—and also of the death, in his sixtieth year, of M. Flatters, the distinguished sculptor.—The literary gossip of that city mentions that M. de Lamartine has sold his 'History of the Girondins,' lately rescued from the *feuilleton*, to M. Coquebert, the publisher; who is about immediately to give it a more becoming introduction to the public.

The restoration of the Château of Blois is about to be at once commenced—the French Minister of the Interior having intrusted the work to the architect M. Duban, whose construction of the *Palais des Beaux Arts*, and works at the *Sainte-Chapelle*, in Paris, have placed him in the first ranks of his profession.—At Steinbach, in the grand-duchy of Baden, the inauguration of the statue of Erwin of Steinbach, the architect of Strasburg Cathedral, was to take place on the 31st of the present month.

At Augsburg, another architect, Herr Alois Steiermann has invented an artificial stone; which, for

solidity, is said to surpass the best free-stone, is one-third its cost, and to which any form can be given in the manufacture. It is composed of river-sand, clay, and a cement whose composition is the inventor's secret. It has been submitted to the proof of air, pressure, and fire, and resists them all. The King of Bavaria has given his gold medal of civil merit to Herr Steiermann, for this useful invention.

(Closing of the present Exhibition.)

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery, with a SELECTION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS and those of the late SIR A. CALICOTT, R.A., and other deceased British Artists, is OPEN daily, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening, and will be CLOSED on SATURDAY, September 6.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMISSION.—NOW OPEN, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Benouze. Open from 10 till 6. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. as heretofore.

A MAGNIFICENT, EXTENSIVE, AND UNIQUE COLLECTION OF TROPICAL FRUIT, from Monsieur Grimaud during his long residence in the Isle of France, is just deposited at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION. The ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY is lectured upon by Professor Bachhoffner, and exhibited daily, and in the Evening, a new American invention, COLEMAN'S PATENT LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, for ascending and descending inclined planes on railways without the aid of stationary power. SWIMMING and DIVING illustrated by the son of Captain Stevens, the celebrated teacher of Swimming, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at Two o'clock, and on the evenings of Tuesdays and Thursdays at half-past eight o'clock. The other Exhibitions, &c. as usual.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

LYCEUM.—A new comic drama, in three acts, was produced last Monday, called 'By Royal Command;—a bad version of a French piece (*La Gardeuse des Dindons*). The dialogue is so poorly rendered that but for the merits (such as they are) of the story and situations, combined with the excellent acting of Mrs. Keeley, who performs the part of *Gothé* (the Turkey-feeder), it must inevitably have gone to the tomb of all the Capulets. This character sufficiently suggests the eccentric nature of the drama, which, as a specimen of clever stage-manufacture, is not without its deserts; though, even in this respect, there is a certain want of thorough working out, and a general unsatisfactoriness of effect, which the audience marked by not applauding beyond the points which Mrs. Keeley succeeded, by the power of histrionic artifice, in making tell. In construction, the drama has all the faults of the French mode; Mr. F. Vining as *Count Neuburg* (head Chamberlain), being called upon in the first act to assume the disguise of Leopold, the Emperor of Austria, for the purpose of seducing *Gothé*, without any previous intimation to the audience of the assumption—and all this for the sake of a small surprise in the second act, when the real Emperor appears in the person of Mr. Diddar. Then there is one *Herman*, a wood-cutter, the Turkey-feeder's lover, personated by Mr. Emery, who seeks to infect the Empress with his own jealousy, much to the perplexity of the unconscious Emperor himself. Poor *Gothé*'s good reputation suffering from these cross purposes, she is placed by his Imperial Majesty behind a screen, with directions to ring a bell when the person who had assumed his character shall enter the presence. This she does on the appearance of the Lord Chamberlain; who then, "by royal command," is compelled to make atonement by promising to marry the injured maiden, which he readily does, as it would get him out of a scrape with an old baroness, to whom as her debtor he is unwillingly under contract of marriage. This is evidently "sport" to him, but it is "death" to *Gothé*, who still loves *Herman*; and the proper catastrophe is of course at last brought about, though we must say in a manner so clumsy that we are glad to be relieved from the necessity of explanation. Such is the character of a drama which, though not enthusiastically received, was patiently tolerated by a small audience. It was followed by another French adaptation, called 'Enquire Within,' for the plot of which, the reader may consult the farce of 'Parlez au Portier.' This was rendered with much more spirit; the vivacity and force of the dialogue and incidents making it perfectly successful.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Wednesday 'The Fatal Dowry' of Massinger was nominally produced. On such occasions the fact of extensive alterations should be at least announced in the bills, together with the name of the adapter, that we may understand what are his credentials, as some voucher for the assumption that the introductions are necessary or judicious. We remain of opinion, however, that even where such conditions are complied with, as in the case of Mr. Knowles's alteration of 'The Bride's Tragedy,' that it would be much better to write altogether a new play, like Rowe, in his 'Fair Penitent,' than so to transfigure an old one. We require an essential identity in these things, which, if it be violated, our moral taste is offended. The offence at which we have hinted is not carried so far in 'The Fatal Dowry' as in the recent case of 'The City Madam,' the integrity of the characters having been preserved, though not that of the dialogue and action. Massinger, we confess, is an author many of whose dramas present great difficulties in the way of putting them on the modern stage; but this, in general, is a good reason why it should not be attempted. At this suburban theatre, however, the management, strictly speaking, is not answerable for the modified form of the present revival, it being the same as was produced at Drury Lane in 1825; thus proving that the corruption and abuse against which "we have made strong our foreheads" is an old evil, due to the past state of the stage, and which will require time to fade away from before new influences. To return, however, to Massinger. The haste with which he wrote, accounts for his imperfections, whereto the state of debt and obscurity in which he lived still further conduced. The first is marked by the method of his pieces, the last by the matter. He has all a poor man's hatred of wealth, and all a wronged man's admiration of valour. Hence he abuses the usurious citizen, and holds up the soldier as the very perfection of virtue. We would especially point to Massinger as evincing how all the illegitimate pieces of stage effect, though successful at the time, tend to destroy the permanent value of dramas, even where otherwise meritorious. The omission of motives, purposes, and proper preparation in the persons and incidents at the beginning, only to insure a temporary surprise at the end of the play,—so that one is compelled to refer the action to the will of the parties, and not to the reason that is elicited from the inter-operation of character and circumstance or destiny;—this is the one blot on the productions of Massinger, and makes their interest to last no longer than curiosity can be sustained, and to cease when it is gratified,—and would consign them altogether to oblivion, but for the poetical spirit which quickens either the whole or parts, and induces the reader of taste to revert to them for occasional recreation. Owing, however, to their theatrically meretricious aim, we choose them not for our permanent reading, which we reserve for the pure dramas of Shakespeare, who is even more excellent in the closet than on the stage. As to the modified revival before us, so far from having a tendency to remove the faults of the original, it is even of the stage more stagey, and therefore exaggerates and aggravates them still further. We are also persuaded that even for theatrical purposes it is inferior to the original, being additionally responsible for a special incoherency, and other graver sins of its own. As an example of this, we may state that the first act of the play as now performed, having been least altered, is more satisfactory than any other part. Our first feeling of incongruity arises with the additions made to it at the end, by which not only is a sustained scene prolonged beyond the point of interest, but the business of the next act so anticipated, as to make the greater portion of it mere surplage. Nothing is gained, but mere convenience in stage-arrangement, sacrificing to such mechanical good the higher one of gradual progress and natural development, in the proper order both of time and sentiment. Omissions and modifications in the dialogue are allowable when the language offends the delicacy of a later age, and much of this we may approve of in the reconstruction of 'The Fatal Dowry'; but the adapter has exceeded his legitimate province even here, having presumed to technically "write-up" Massinger's scenes, prolonging their suspenses and multiplying their effects. This he has done in the fine scene







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